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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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MEMORIES.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Once more among the meadows green
I walk, but do not walk alone;
A quiet radiance crowns the scene
With splendor that is all its own.
I see the dew-drops on the grass
Flash out like stars when south winds pass.

The birds that sang the whole day through
With merry song that echoed far
Beneath the arch of Heaven's clear blue,
I wonder, mutely, where they are—
For, if their hearts were glad as mine,
Their songs would make the night divine.

The moonlight lays its silver bars
Across the blossoming clover fields,
And dallies with the scarlet stars
For the sweet odors that they yield.
Oh, blossoms sweet! but not by far
So sweet as love's young blossoms are!

What strange, mute sweetness in the air,
As if no sounds could make it known.
What tender memories linger, where
Love, and a night like this, was known.
Oh, happy, happy time gone by
Your memory thrills me like a sigh.

Here grew pale blossoms in the shade,
More sweet than those in sunnier spots,
Hid in the grass, as if afraid
To seek or wish for brighter lots;
Sweet blossoms that we sought and found
In soft green leaves against the ground.

We saw the emerald wheat-fields smile
In generous promise to the sky,
And heard them talking low, the while,
As winds and breezes loitered by.
The promise of the wheat and maize
Was like our own for future days.

This old brown rock, with dots of moss
Against its rough, uneven side,
And threads of moonlight woven across,
Is where I whispered first, "My bride!
My own, to love, my own, to hold,
While life shall last, and years grow old."

Oh, heart of youth! When first you speak
The story all young hearts must know,
Although your words seem few and weak,
What meaning, deep, intense, you know.
A prelude of the holiest rest
That comes to any mortal breast.

Now, thinking of the long ago,
That summer seems a dream-heard song,
Across the ceaseless rise and flow,
As drifts the passing years along.
An echo from some far-off shore
An echo sweet, and nothing more.

Love in a Maze:

OR,
THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-
GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

WYNDHAM hurried down, stepping from one granite mass to another, and clinging to the trees as he descended. It was a rough descent and full of risk; but he soon reached the ledge, and crept along to the spot where the girl sat. She laughed in her joy at seeing him.

"You were wrong to come here, Elodie," he said, gravely.
"Oh, I know it, Mr. Wyndham; but I came up on that side; see, and I thought I could get back the same way. So I could, but the great stone that was poised there fell, after I had crossed it."

The young man shuddered as he looked.
The boulder had been dislodged, even by the girl's light touch, and had left a sheer descent only a bird could pass over.

"We can go the way you came," the girl said.
"Impossible! I could scarcely keep my footing, holding by the saplings with both hands. You could not go alone, especially in this wind; and the steps are too narrow for me to help you."

"Then can we get down to the beach?"
"Not unless a miracle should interpose to help us."

"What are we to do, then?"
The girl laughed a little as she asked the question, looking frankly into Wyndham's face.

She was very young; certainly not more than fifteen, if so much. Her hair, like a fluff of pale gold, in the wildest disorder, framed an oval face, fresh and bright as a rose. The eyes were blue, open and fearless in their confiding expression; the mouth was small and pouting; the pink chin was daintily rounded. It was a sweet, childish face, and Wyndham thought he had never seen anything so lovely.

In answer to her question he took off his coat and put it on her. She made some resistance, on account of the danger of his feeling the cold; but he paid no heed to her.

"You have lost your scarf," he said. "You must wear this. What are we to do? Wait for a boat from the vessel out there? The men can fling up a rope."

"But they cannot see us. The vessel is anchored behind that point."
"Can she get in there?"

"Certainly; there is quite a bay; sheltered, too, by the rocks on each side."
"Then some of them will go up; and we must call to them."

"The wind blows so fiercely I am afraid they cannot hear!"
Wyndham shouted with all his might, but only the shrieking blast answered.

"And the storm is coming on worse!" he wailed. "Tell me, does the tide rise as high as this?"
Elodie burst into a ripple of musical merriment.

"You might know it does not," she replied. "Look at those weeds strewn like ropes below there. That is high-water mark."



"Turn on me, if you like—you cannot hurt me! I'm not afraid of you."

But, even as she spoke, a mountainous billow, hurled against the cliff with terrible force, covered the platform and them with spray!

The young man shivered as he tried to screen Elodie; but she did not seem to heed the drenching.

"This is bad enough," she said; "and it will be worse presently, for the daylight is leaving us! Would it not be wise to attempt an escape, even if we risk something? If it gets dark we cannot move!"

"I will not peril your life! If you can stay here alone, Elodie, while I try to scramble up—"

"Don't leave me, please!" cried the poor girl. "Let me go with you!"

"You could not pass where I did to come here! I could manage to get over it, though the return is more difficult."

"Then you must not go. If we could let ourselves down—"

"With a rope, tied round this rock above us, we might venture, and it would be safe. But nothing can be done without a rope."

"Then must we stay here?"

"Till help comes. I see no other way. If we cannot get off to-night, I will watch you, Elodie, while you sleep."

"My poor aunt! how she will fret after me!" murmured the girl, weeping softly. "How foolish I was to come here!"

It was rapidly growing dusk. The masses of clouds driven up into the sky obscured the sunlight, and the roar of the seething waters below seemed more terrible than ever. The young man tried to soothe the girl's self-reproachful grief.

He shouted for help at intervals; and at last the welcome gleam of a lantern was seen moving far above. Their cry for help was answered by a cheer.

Two or three men could be seen. In a short time they lowered a rope; but it fell so far out it could not be grasped.

Lowered on the other side it fell beyond the boulder that had slipped down.

"Let it down entirely, on the other side!" shouted Wyndham, and in a few moments he was obeyed.

The rope had been made fast above. He called to them to loosen it, and send the boat to meet them at the beach.

Presently the rope, which he firmly grasped, was let down, and he caught it. He made it fast around the imbedded rock, and prepared to descend. The waves were breaking furiously at their feet, and at intervals covering them with spray.

"No boat can live in such a sea!" he groaned. "They cannot rescue us. But there must be a path along the beach. Can you find it, Elodie, in this twilight?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered. "Not by the point; we cannot get round that; the tide has risen too high."

"The boatmen are there; and I can swim with you, child, to the inlet."

"If a boat could not live in the sea, you cannot!" cried the brave girl. "You would be dashed against the rocks, and we should both perish!"

"True; what can we do?"
"There is a safe path on the opposite side."
"Are you sure you know it?"
"I have been over it a hundred times."
"And it is not too late?"
"Oh, not! See, the tide has only just turned."

"Then come; trust yourself to me."
He wound his arm around the girl's slender waist; having previously lashed the rope about his own. There was a loud cheer from the

men above as he commenced the descent. He bade the girl cling to him firmly, steadying himself by the rocks, now by one hand, now by both, as they passed.

There was good foothold part of the way; and only a few feet here and there where he had to depend on the rope.

But the heavy waves hurled themselves upon the pair more and more furiously as they went down. Wyndham kept his arm clasped about Elodie, telling her not to loosen her hold for an instant.

They stood on the shore, but they had not a moment to lose. They fled swiftly along the way pointed out by the girl, who caught her breath convulsively as the greedy waters dashed over her.

At last they were out of danger, in the path that led upward through a ravine partly cleared. The men, with torches, had come to meet them.

"You had best carry her in your arms," said Wyndham, releasing Elodie, whose strength was indeed nearly spent. "I will follow you as fast as you can walk."

This was done, and the girl was borne by two of the neighbors toward her home.

"Is Mr. Rasleigh here?" asked Wyndham.
"No," answered one of the men. "He was not in a fit state to come with us."

The young lawyer muttered an exclamation.
"And I heard that his wife was took for worse," observed another of the men.

Sobs came from the poor girl they were carrying, and she bade them let her down and she would walk. They could get on faster. She wept all the way.

They came to the house. There was light in all the rooms. A dark form stood in the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Elodie! Miss Elodie! where has you been all this time?"
The girl clutched the black woman's arm.

"Is she alive? Or have I killed her with my folly?" she gasped, white as death.

"An' she ain't! don't take on so! She's alive! An' she ain't fretted none for you; she was past frettin'!"

Poor Elodie, wet as she was, tore off the coat she had worn till now, flung it down, and rushed past the rest, into the chamber of her dying relative.

There lay the form on the bed, so motionless it might have been taken for a corpse. The girl sunk on her knees, clasped the hand that hung passively over the coverlet, and covered it with passionate kisses.

"Where is the hussy going?" he asked.
"I shall take her to my mother's house," replied Wyndham. "Her aunt gave her into my charge with her last breath, and I accepted the trust."

But Elodie refused to leave the house while her aunt lay dead within it; and Wyndham persuaded one of the female neighbors to take charge of her.

He returned to attend the funeral, and as soon as that was over, bade the young girl prepare to accompany him to the city.

Rasleigh made no opposition to the departure of Elodie. He only required to be informed of her address. Convinced that she had no legal rights, he cared not what became of her, and was just as well pleased to be rid of the expense of her support.

Wyndham took his fair young ward to the home of his mother and sister.

They received the orphan with cordial kindness, and made her one of the family at once. She found a thousand things in the novelties of city life to make her forget her sorrows. Before long, Elodie was again happy; for her

fell back on the pillow, and her gasping breath grew fainter, till they could hear it no longer.

"Come 'way, honey!" implored the faithful nurse. "Come with me, and let me put on your dry clothes! You saw her again; dat was all she wanted. She's happy now."

Wyndham quickly walked out of the room. The dead silence that prevailed told all present what had happened.

The door leading up-stairs was then slowly opened, and a haggard, flushed face presented itself.

"What's all this? Men in my house! What's the meaning of it?" stammered a drunken voice, as the master of the house staggered in, and essayed to cross the room to the chamber that had been his wife's.

"Letty! Letty! I say! Have you got visitors?"
Wyndham strode after him, and seized his arm.

"You shall not go in there!" he said, sternly.
"What's to hinder me? Letty, I say! Why don't you speak?"

"Oh, master!" exclaimed the negro, "be silent now! She'll never hear you, nor speak to you no more! never, no more!"

"What d'ye mean?" he cried, turning upon her. She had Elodie in her arms, and was taking her into another room. At the sound of the imberbed man's voice the girl stood up, faced her uncle, and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"She means, sir, that my darling aunt is free at last!" she cried, defiantly. "You cannot scold her any more. Turn on me, if you like; you cannot hurt me! I'm not afraid of you."

"And who are you, ye imp of Satan, and how dare you speak so to me, whose bread ye've been eating? I'll have you here no longer! Tramp—out of my house!"

"She shall leave your house to-night," interposed Wyndham, angrily. "Elodie, change your dress, and let me take you to the inn. The nurse shall go with you!"

"Oh, we cannot leave my darling aunt! We must watch with her, and dress her for the funeral. When she is buried I will leave your house, Mr. Rasleigh, and you shall never see me again. Come, Nelly, help me to get ready."

buoyant nature could not long be held down by the pressure of calamity.

CHAPTER VII. THE NEW PUPIL.

"I HAVE a new pupil for you; and she is such an odd little thing!"

This was Miss Blount's introduction to a graphic and detailed account of her brother Wyndham's adventure, and the result, an addition to the members of her mother's family.

"Only think of Wynd's having a ward!" she added, when her narration was finished.
"And an heiress, too!" put in Rubama.

"Who knows but it will end in the usual manner of romances, with ward and guardian falling in love with each other?"

"I thought you said Miss Sterns was a child!" remarked Olive.

"Only fifteen; but wonderfully precocious! And so fond of her own way! She always manages to get it, too, somehow!"

"Has she taste for music?"
"A perfect passion! Is always playing and singing, but lacks cultivation, of course. My brother says he wants her to have all the culture necessary, to develop what talent she may possess."

"You know, Emily, I am not capable of being a scientific teacher; that is, of the highest grade."

"Hardly any private teacher can be expected to do that. But you will try her, Olive?"

"I will do my best, and thank you for the addition to my list."

"Thanks for nothing, Olive, dear!" cried Rubama. "Who should we think of, but you, and be happy that we can contribute a little to your success?"

"Not a little, dear friend; I owe my best pupils to your kindness!"

"Now, have done with such talk! Kindness, forsooth! If I had a fortune of my own, who should share it but my dearest Olive?"

Miss Weston turned away her face to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes.

"But we have a favor to ask," said Emily. "We are going to have a drawing-room concert at Mrs. Moore's splendid rooms, in aid of the Orphan's Home. There is to be music and recitations. Will you help us?"

"I'll repeated Olive, looking up in surprise.
"Why not, dear?" answered Miss Blount.

"It is not a party. You have such an exquisite taste; and we want you to lead the chorus in the music that is to accompany the readings. The chorus will be in the third parlor."

"I cannot possibly come."
"It will oblige us immensely, and do good. You were always willing to lend a helping hand, dear friend."

"But I cannot leave my mother. No—not even for one evening."

"She is not worse, I hope?"
"She is falling from day to day."

The girl's voice was lost in the sob she strove to repress.

"Then you shall not be urged," cried Rubama, going to her and kissing her cheeks.

"We shall have the aid of the new musical lion, you know, Emily," she said, looking archly at Miss Blount. "You shall not distress Olive. The foreign gentleman, you know, was he introduced to you last evening at Mrs. Bogart's?"

"No; I did not see him except at a distance; I did not even hear his name."

"The Count del Raggio, or something like that. He is very handsome, and they say, is of a distinguished family in Italy. Dear Italy! how I love all who are born in that charming country!"

"There I cannot agree with you, Rubama. I do not admire old Antonio, for instance."

"Oh, the hideous juggler! No, no; I meant such Italians as the count."

"Or any sunburned individual with plenty of whiskers, and stiletto-looking eyes, who can look lofty, and talk gibberish when he is in a rage."

"You could not help calling the count handsome, if you had noticed him, Emily. And, as to his gibberish, you should have heard him sing that Italian bravura after you were gone. It was exquisite; and they say he composed it himself."

"He is a musician, too?"

"Of course. Olive, dear, I shall bring him to see you one of these days, on purpose to let you hear him. You will receive him in a professional way."

And she went on to give an account of the stranger.

The handsome stranger, with his Italian name and his acknowledged genius, had already become the admiration of all the ladies in the most fashionable circles of the metropolis.

He was so reserved and stately, yet so willing to oblige by playing the airs he had composed, and accompanying the piano or guitar with his magnificent voice!

Then there was something of mystery about him. He seemed melancholy and abstracted at times, and frequently did not answer when addressed.

He had brought letters, Rubama added, that were sufficient vouchers for his respectability; yet it was but seldom he could be induced to go into society. Whenever he did, he sought no introductions, often declining them; though with a graceful courtesy that could not possibly give offense. He had willingly consented, however, to lend his aid to a charity entertainment.

They were interrupted by a knock at the outside door.

Olive went and opened it. A slender, youth-

ful form stood there, but the face was covered with a thick veil.

The young hostess hesitated. It was a stranger; and she did not like to ask in visit ors she did not know.

The young girl inquired if Miss Blount was there. Before Olive could reply, Emily, who had heard and recognized the voice, ran out and confronted the new-comer.

"You naughty child!" she exclaimed, with laughter struggling in her reproving tone. "Did I not tell you you must not come with us? And how did you find the way?"

The girl had thrown back her veil, and Olive was struck with her singular face.

Her profusion of pale gold hair, rippling across her forehead, hung in masses, like floss silk, on either side her fresh, rose-tinted cheeks. She had the brightest violet eyes in the world, just now flashing with something like defiance.

"I know that you told me not to come, Miss Emily," she replied. "But I knew you were coming to see about my music lessons, and I wanted to see the teacher before you made any arrangement."

"And you followed us all the way, by yourself?"

"I did not follow you; I knew the address; and I came in the cars, part of the way."

"After you had been forbidden to go out alone?"

"You should not have forbidden me," retorted the girl. "I am not used to obeying orders."

"You will come in?" asked Olive.

"Oh, yes; you may as well," added Miss Blount, taking the girl's arm and leading her into the little parlor. "Olive, I am sorry the first introduction to you of your pupil should be in this wise; but you must excuse impatience in a wayward child."

"I am not a child," the girl murmured; but Olive kindly took her hand, and said:

"I am glad of the opportunity of knowing the young lady; and I trust we shall get along comfortably in our new relations, if it pleases her that we enter upon them."

These words soothed the ruffled self-esteem of the girl; she smiled brightly, and took the seat offered her.

Then, with the courteous kindness that always marked her manner, Olive asked questions about her previous lessons, and her tastes in the art.

"Perhaps you would like to hear her play a little?" asked Emily.

At the request of Miss Weston, Elodie took off her gloves, removed the shawl that covered her shoulders, and seated herself at the piano.

She struck the keys with a bold touch and played an air from Norma. It was a difficult one for a young performer, and she was inaccurate in several notes; but on the whole she had a brilliant execution.

Her passion for the art asserted itself. At the more startling turns, her face seemed to kindle. She looked up like an inspired creature; she seemed to forget the presence of those about her.

Emily was impatient at the blunders she made, and Ruhama laughed; but Olive listened attentively, smiled, and warmly applauded her at the close.

"You have manifest talent," she said. "But sadly needing culture," observed the other two ladies.

"Where there is real genius," answered Olive, "it will not take long to triumph over obstacles caused by inexperience. I can see that she will outstrip me, and that before a great while."

Elodie started up, came hastily to her and impulsively threw her arms round her neck.

"I shall be glad," she said, "to have you for my teacher."

Ruhama gave another of her musical ripples of merriment.

"Nothing wins the heart like praise."

"We all know that appreciation is pleasant," was Olive's reply; and the young girl gave her a grateful look, while her color rose perceptibly.

"Would you like to hear me sing?" she asked.

"Very much indeed," again Elodie seated herself at the piano; and after a low prelude, dashed into a wild and stirring song. Like her playing, it was full of faults, but of spirit as well. She mastered the trills admirably.

Her gentle instructress was convinced she would have a powerful though erratic genius committed to her training.

She kept silence, buried in thought, when the song was ended. Elodie's eyes were riveted on her face.

"Emily," said Olive, at length, "this young lady would do credit to a better teacher than myself."

"She could not have one so patient with her faults. You see, she needs to go over the elementary studies, to learn to overcome her inaccuracies."

"She will soon conquer those; and then she will soar far above me," said Olive, with a smile.

"And I will have you, and nobody but you, to teach me!" cried Elodie.

"You really must undertake her," said Miss Blount. "Only do not spoil her; she is too conceited already."

"I think I can correct the faults she has; and when I have done all I can, she can be ready for a scientific professor."

"Keep her in leading-strings as long as you can," whispered Emily. "Your gentleness and general culture, if you can impart them, will do her good. My brother was wishing she were like you."

Olive's pale cheek colored slightly. She glanced at Ruhama.

"You would say," cried the lively brunette, "that Mr. Blount ought to prefer me for a model?"

It was Olive's thought, though she had not expressed it.

"Oh, no, my dear! Mr. Blount may admire me; but he wants his ward to be graver and more steady. He would not have her doing a bit of flirtation for the world!"

The tinkle of a small bell was heard.

"You will excuse me," said Olive. "I must go to my mother."

"And we must go home," said Miss Blount. "We shall bring Elodie to you three times a week, beginning to-morrow."

The adeux were made, and the three ladies went out to the carriage.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHARITY CONCERT.

The charity concert was a social party as well; dancing being added to the attractions of the evening.

The house was a large double one on Park avenue, and was furnished with splendor.

In addition to the spacious parlors, a room was extended in the rear, of immense size, lofty, and lighted from above; the windows opening to the sky and richly colored. The ceiling was frescoed, the walls were covered with choice paintings, and the floor was inlaid

with many-colored woods, and polished like a mirror.

It had always been used as a music-room, and a platform was raised and carpeted for the musicians at the further end. The whole effect of this magnificent suite of rooms, multiplied by mirrors from floor to ceiling, and filled with elegantly-dressed people, was like that of a palatial levee.

Elodie had heard of the brilliant affair, and was wild to be of the party. Why not? It was a charity concert, and she was ready to contribute by the purchase of tickets. If not old enough to be permitted to enter society, she could surely be present at the entertainment. She could have a new dress made; she could make one herself. She teased her guardian till she obtained his consent to her going.

"I am not in favor, Wyndham, of allowing that child to think she must go everywhere with us," observed the grave sister. "She is much too forward for her age."

"But this is an entertainment children will enjoy, as well as grown people. I know several who intend taking their families."

"I speak of general usage. You have indulged Elodie in going to theaters and operas and concerts, almost every evening."

"Not so often as that! Not more than three evenings in a week."

"And how can she stifle, if she partakes of such amusements?"

"Do you find her backward?"

"I cannot say I do; she has more than ordinary powers, and learns rapidly. But it is not well to have her thoughts diverted. All her teachers will tell you so."

"I do not mean that they shall be. Let her understand that in future such indulgences must be rare. Though an evening now and then at the opera will help to cultivate her musical taste. She has rare talent for music."

"Certainly she has; but it needs strict training."

Elodie heard such conversations often enough to be aware that her protectors judged it expedient to restrain her passion for excitement.

She did not feel this need, and chafed at the restraint. She resolved to gratify her passion for dress on this occasion, and had actually purchased and begun to make up a rich white silk, embroidered with tiny sprigs of pink and gold—to be set off by a wreath of flowers to match crowning her head, and a fragrant bouquet at the bosom.

But Emily peremptorily interfered; laughed at the idea of so young a girl making her appearance in such a dress; and insisted on her wearing plain white muslin. She was supported by Mrs. Blount; and even Wyndham, when appealed to by his dissatisfied ward, urged on her the beauty of simplicity in her attire. Even ornament in her hair was forbidden.

If the poor child had been determined to set off her beauty to the best possible advantage, she could not have done it more effectually than by obeying the mandate of her seniors.

When she came into the parlor, ready to start, in her simple white dress with blue ribbon fastening the ruffle at her throat and blue ribbon confining her luxuriant hair—her wild-rose complexion as pure and fresh as the petals of a flower, her blue eyes dancing with excitement, Wyndham was sure he never had beheld so lovely a creature.

Mrs. Blount took charge of her, and the four filled the carriage.

Just before them as they entered, they saw Ruhama Seaforth, leaning on the arm of Tom Wyatt.

Beside the young lady walked a stately gentleman, whose air and gait seemed familiar, in some degree, to Emily. But, as he bowed to several persons in passing, she noticed a decidedly foreign manner; and that was not to her taste.

Ruhama, as usual, was superbly dressed, in a gold-brown silk tunic over a rich dark-brown lower skirt, both trimmed profusely. She always wore her hair rather loaded with ornament. She was in contrast to Emily Blount, who was almost nun-like in her grave costume, and preferred the dull colors.

Ruhama and her party took a seat near the platform, and were presently joined by her father, and a noble-looking elderly man, who was invited by the banker to occupy a chair next his daughter. Both addressed him frequently, and called him General Meade.

Ruhama sent several messages by Tom to her friend Emily, who sat several rows of chairs behind her. On one slip of paper she had written:

"The Count del Raggio will sing the fourth song. He will not be on the platform."

Emily showed this to her brother. He shook his head; he had never met the celebrity.

The songs were alternated with dramatic recitations, and a scene between a lady and gentleman, in costume, with appropriate action.

When the fourth song was announced, as to be given by the celebrated artist, the Count del Raggio, there was a burst of kid-glove applause from the fair portion of the crowded assemblage. Even many of the gentlemen added their hearty clapping.

But there was no response by the appearance of the lion upon the stage. He was to accompany himself, and he had taken his seat at the grand piano so far on the left side as to be out of the view of a large part of the audience. Among these was the Blount party; and several around them expressed their disappointment.

"Why doesn't he come out and show himself?" murmured one.

"You know he is not a professional," answered a lady just behind her.

"But he might have acknowledged the applause with a bow at least."

"The eccentricity of genius!"

"Pshaw! I don't believe he merits half what they boast of him!"

"Wait, and judge for yourself!"

When the performer touched the instrument, all recognized at once a master-hand. Nothing had been heard like it. Elodie started from her employment of watching the late comers, and a flush of sudden delight illumined her features.

Even Miss Blount, little given as she was to raptures, was startled into admiration when she heard the stranger sing and play. The perfection of artistic skill seemed united with the freshness of wild nature in his performances. It was the gush of soul itself.

He was enraptured; and when he sung to an air composed by himself, the words of Metastasio, beginning, "L'Onida dal mar diviso," the touching melancholy of the simple melody, representing the restless longing of a soul unsatisfied with all this life can offer, and finding repose only in death, deeply affected Emily.

She turned away her head, for she felt the tears stealing down her cheeks.

Ruhama, who was observing her, noticed her agitation, and smiled, as if she thought she had achieved a triumph.

Wyndham, though he had no cultivation in the art, shared the enthusiasm of the rest.

Elodie could not contain her ecstatic emotions.

When the song was ended, the applause was overwhelming. Then came an interval for social converse.

"Dear guardy!" exclaimed Elodie, "is that gentleman—the count—an Italian? Will he be bound he is a teacher of music. Will you let me take lessons of him?"

"Hush, child!" whispered Emily. "He is not a teacher."

"How do you know? I never heard you say you knew him. Will you bring him and introduce him after concert, guardy? I should like so much to know him."

"I am not acquainted with the gentleman, Elodie," replied Wyndham.

"But Miss Seaforth will introduce you! See, he has come out to speak to her; and now she is looking this way! She would present him to Miss Blount."

"Be silent, Elodie," said Emily. "I do not wish the stranger to be introduced to us. No, Wyndham," she added to her brother, who had risen, "I beg you will not go there."

"He is a genius in music!" cried Wyndham.

"Who can he be?"

"An Italian. I have heard Ruhama speak of him. I think he brought letters to the banker. Don't look that way so persistently, Elodie. It is not well bred to gaze at people."

Wyndham noticed a tremor in his sister's voice, and other signs of disturbance, that showed she had been deeply moved by some cause or other.

"They are all looking this way again!" cried the impetuous little girl, "and Miss Seaforth is laughing; can it be at any of us? Are you sure, Mr. Wyndham, that the count would not give me lessons, if you were to ask him? All Italians are poor, and want pupils, I have heard."

"I think he must be an exception, my child. If he were needy, his friends would have recommended him. He seems tolerably intimate with the Seaforths."

Tom Wyatt came sauntering toward them at that moment, and stopped to enter into conversation with Emily and her brother.

He told her the count was only an amateur, and had required considerable persuasion to induce him to sing before so large an audience. "He is always ready to oblige in a private drawing-room, but appears to shrink from publicity."

"Then he is not at all professional?" asked Mrs. Blount.

"Oh, dear, no; not in the least. He has never made music a profession."

"He does not give lessons," put in Elodie.

"Not at all, I believe. He has an independent fortune, made, too, by himself; but not by art."

"How then?"

"By—upon my word I don't know precisely; but I think some commercial business. He is traveling partner in some wealthy firm."

"Strange!" exclaimed Wyndham. "Those foreigners are so seldom engaged in mercantile pursuits! and with his wonderful talent for music, it is singular he did not put it to some lucrative use."

"That he has declined to do. He cultivates music as a pastime merely."

"I am so sorry for that," murmured Elodie.

Emily pressed her arm to keep her silent.

In the second part of the concert the counting twice, being warmly encored each time.

The effect of his marvelous performance was greatly increased. All agreed that no such glorious voice, in an amateur, had ever been heard.

When the entertainment was over, about half the company departed, and room was left for dancing and the promenade.

As soon as she could, Ruhama came to join the Blounts. She drew Emily apart, and they went together into a refreshment room, and stood in an obscure corner.

"What think you of our musical lion?" asked Ruhama, observing the unusual flush on the cheeks of her friend.

"I cannot wonder at your—at the enthusiasm he creates," was the reply. "He possesses exquisite taste with powers, I confess, beyond my appreciation. I do not know that I ever felt the true soul of music before."

"Can you believe, then, what I said, that he is one who would have been an ornament to any society?"

"Certainly; his mental cultivation and elevated breeding are perceptible in all he does. I noticed his grandeur of bearing, and grace of movement."

"I am glad you think so. He is most anxious to make your acquaintance."

"I do not wish to know him."

"Why not? I find him charming. He is quite domesticated at our house. His conversation is even more enchanting than his music."

"That may be; and, to be quite frank, I will henceforward give up my prejudice against his nation, and his art as a pursuit in life. But you must not introduce him to me. If you will have my reasons, I could not help thinking, when I heard him sing, all these glorious gifts, so rich in power to confer happiness, were Herbert's, and I have despoiled him of them! I bound him in chains, with my ideas of utility."

The fair speaker buried her face in her hands. Ruhama was amazed. She had not thought her cousin Herbert was remembered in this manner, and with such depth of feeling. She had never heard Emily speak thus.

She was silent, and looked grave for a few minutes.

At last Miss Blount looked up, restored to her composure.

"You do not know," remarked Ruhama, after some hesitation, "that Herbert returned some days since?"

"Returned! and he has not sought me! Well—I deserve it. But I shall never love another."

Emily again hid her face as she spoke; and, strangely enough, Ruhama made no attempt to console her.

"So—you are here!" cried the indefatigable Tom Wyatt, as he caught sight of the two girls. He was followed by the rest of the party, as well as a crowd in search of ices, punch and cake.

Emily declined any refreshment. She was only anxious to go home; but she could not take away her companions just then.

"So provoking," cried Tom, "that the hero of the night—the superb count—should have taken himself off so suddenly. I wanted to introduce Blount, but the Italian had left the house."

Amid the gay hubbub, Ruhama whispered to her friend:

"Come to me to-morrow; I have something particular to say. May I expect you?"

"I will come, at four o'clock," was the whispered reply.

Emily could imagine nothing "particular" to be communicated, unless it were the news of Ruhama's engagement with Wyndham.

She had long wished for it; she knew her brother admired Miss Seaforth; she fancied the young lady was not indifferent to him. Only her passion for flirtation had kept them from a mutual understanding.

The inspiring music of the band called the dancers to their places. Elodie ran to her friend.

"Emily, dear, do find me a partner."

They had passed out of the refreshment room, facing the expectant assembly of young people, eager for their favorite amusement.

"Wyndham will dance with you, child," was the wearied answer to the girl's entreaty.

"Don't you see how busy he is, talking to Miss Seaforth! Oh, I shall die, if I lose this heavenly dance."

"Then, Tom, you must be obliging for once."

Tom was waiting to ask the favor of Emily's hand, but he accepted that of her protegee, and the two were presently whirling in the maze, to the spirit-stirring music.

"I wish I could go home," murmured Emily, as she sunk on a sofa beside her mother. "My head aches so terribly."

"I don't see how we can go without your brother and Elodie; and it is a pity to cut short their enjoyment. It is early yet."

Wyndham and Ruhama were certainly engaged very pleasantly in conversation; so earnestly, they had lost sight of every one else.

They stood in the recess of a French window, partly concealed from view by the ample folds of the damask curtains. The handsome brunette was brilliant; and the manly face that met her looks, beamed with joy too, as far as his sister could judge.

The two had evidently come to an understanding at last.

"They, at least, will be happy," Emily sighed to herself. "I have not the heart to disturb them!"

So on, and on went the dancing, and Tom, who could not induce Miss Blount to leave her seat, took young Miss Sterns out again and again; and the girl was radiant with her enjoyment.

And still Ruhama and Wyndham were together, either talking by themselves or promenade; and the general joy seemed unconfined; and Emily fell into a reverie, and thought of her past with its promise blighted by her own act; and resolved she would enter no more into any scene of gaiety. For her, as for her friend Olive Weston, the bright morning of life was over.

Ah! how soon, to most hearts, comes the overcast sky and the portentous mutterings of the storm!

At last they were in the carriage and whirled homeward. They went into the dim parlor, and Emily seemed still in a painful dream.

Elodie broke into rapturous exclamations. She had never enjoyed an evening so much. She wished she could be so happy every night of her life.

Wyndham laughed at her enthusiasm; but he, too, seemed in extraordinary spirits.

"Am I to congratulate you, my dear brother?" whispered his sister, pausing as she passed close to him to go up to her chamber.

He flushed, for he could not fail to read her meaning, and hesitated a moment.

"Yes," he responded at length. "You may for I am to make the acquaintance of the foreign count, under the best auspices. He will dine here to-morrow, with your friend Miss Seaforth."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

Yellowstone Jack:

OR,
THE TRAPPERS OF THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE, THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE EAGLE KEPT HIS PLEDGE.

A HIDEOUS face, with burning eyes and gloating expression—this much Ada Dixon saw as two powerful arms caught her up from the ground, pressing her tightly to a naked chest, and a deep, guttural exclamation sounded faintly in her ears as she yielded to a strange, deathlike faintness.

And with long, loping strides the savage sped on through the night as though dreading immediate pursuit.

At times, when the unveiled moon cast a flood of silver light over the earth, the savage would slacken his pace and lower his gaze to the snow-white face that rested against his dark shoulder. The fire would deepen in his eye, a hideous smile would curl his lips—at such times the grizzled, scarred warrior appeared a veritable satyr.

On through the hills, winding, turning and twisting like one who seeks to throw a deadly enemy off the scent, the savage passed, never once halting until he had gained his mountain retreat.

With a shuddering, gasping moan, Ada opened her eyes, half-blinded by the cold water the savage had cast into her face. Brushing the icy drops away, she glanced hastily around—then shrunk back, trembling in every limb.

She was reclining upon a level rocky surface. A small fire burned brightly beside her, faintly revealing the surroundings. At her feet crouched an Indian; a monster, rather.

A massive, deep-bronze body, marked with nearly a score scars of bullet wounds and knife-cuts. Long, knotted limbs. Soiled ribbons and well-worn plumes decorated the grizzled scalplock. The one eye—a white, sightless ball marked where the other had been—was riveted upon her face with a burning, lustful glare. The thin lips were parted in a broad grin, revealing the broken, tobacco-stained fangs that served for teeth. A blood-red patch filled the middle of his face. It was where the nose had been. Either disease or the weapon of some foe had robbed the savage of this useful feature.

Little wonder that Ada shrunk back with a cry of terror and disgust. It was Beauty and the Beast—Day and Night—Innocence and Guilt—Hyperion and Satyr.

In that moment of horror, the maiden recalled the words of Pethonista, and she knew that she had fallen into the ruthless hands of the Night-Walker.

The chief chuckled with glee as he saw Ada lift her head. She had lain so long without motion that he began to fear she would never awaken to life. He uttered a few rapid sentences in his own tongue, but as Ada only stared at him in mute terror, he added, in destitute English:

"Squaw open eye—dat good. Squaw no right sleep when chief want talk. Dat right—open ear—li'sen now to what chief he tell."

"Chief Neepaughweese—what you call Night-Walker. Got plenty big voice—what say, dat mus' be. Blackfoot nation li'sen sharp when Night-Walker talk. If tell braves go

hunt scalp—dey tek de war-path. He say kill—tek pris'ner, it jest so. He say make fire—burn, pris'ner roast quick. If tell squaw—go to dis lodge—cook dat brave's meat, she go plenty

"You will save me—you will restore me to my friends?"

"Yeh—what Eagle say, he do. Friend's live yit, dough had big fight. Fight like debble—you friend's kill plenty Blackfeet," and the chief's brow darkened.

With difficulty Ada suppressed a cry of joy, but managed to do so, fearing to offend the chief. Then arising, though weak and stiff, she begged Eagle to lose no time in gaining the trail.

Pethonista led the way along a narrow, winding ledge that finally carried them to easier traveling. Then the chief briefly told her how he managed to follow Neepaughweese through the night in time to rescue her.

He had heard the maiden's cry, and as the Indians were in full retreat, he made at once for the spot. He just caught a glimpse of Night-Walker and his captive, but soon after lost him in the gloom. From time to time he was rewarded with a glimpse of his rival, as the moon shone forth, but had not the scarred chief kindled the fire, Eagle would have been too late to be of service. That guided him, and then came the death struggle.

The trail was a long and rough one, and twice the fugitives were forced to hide in order to escape being seen by some of the scattered Blackfeet, and once to make a wide detour that consumed fully an hour. From a high peak, as he neared the pass, Pethonista could see that it was guarded by Indians, and after a little reflection he told Ada that they must give up all hope of reaching her friends that day, or else take the perilous trail that wound along the right wall of the canon; that upon which they stood when Maynard was shot.

Ada besought him to take this trail—anything was preferable to longer separation from her friends.

And thus they crept along the narrow ledge, each instant nearing death, though they little suspected that.

Along the face of the canon, at that dizzy height, each footstep one of peril, where one false step would doom the one taking it to a horrible death upon the rocks below.

Then the ledge widened. They proceeded more rapidly. Pethonista suddenly staggered back. A shrill yell burst from his lips. He flung aloft his arms and then disappeared over the escarpment. A silent thud.

Ada sunk fainting to the ground, a rifle-crack ringing in her ears.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMPBELL COUNTS A COUP.

YELLOWSTONE JACK and his comrades closely followed the young avenger's advice, and added their voices to his with a zeal that far surpassed his expectations, and in such a variety of tones that the Blackfeet were scarcely to blame in believing every one of the shots that followed each other so rapidly from the revolvers, came from a separate and distinct foe. Already they had their hands full. The emigrants, knowing that to yield would be death, stubbornly held the red demons at bay. When the war-cry of their dreaded enemy was recognized, so ably seconded, the savages broke and fled in hot haste, the majority making for the horses, others taking to the hills and rocks, where, in the darkness, pursuit could easily be baffled.

They were not chided far, as the emigrants had been too hardly pressed to risk the advantage gained by foolhardiness. The trappers and Campbell were warmly greeted by the survivors of the fight, and after the level space before the corral was searched, the wounded Indians being put out of their misery, the dead scalped and dragged to one side where they could afford no cover for their skulking brethren, in case another attack was decided upon, the weapons dropped by the Blackfeet were gathered up and the entire party re-entered the corral.

On counting heads, it was found that four emigrants had been killed, nine more wounded, one mortally. This heavy loss, together with the unknown fate of Maynard and the two women, cast a gloom over all.

With weapons in hand, ready for instant use, the men watched through the remaining hours of that long night. They could hear occasional signals coming from the hills and plain, but the darkness covered all. Thus, weary, jaded, sick at heart, the day dawned upon them.

During the night there had been a consultation between John Warren, Campbell and the trappers. It decided their plans for the day. If possible, they were to leave the trail and search for the missing ones, though there would be considerable danger of being picked off by some of the scattered Blackfeet. As Campbell declared—and the trappers readily agreed that he was right—the end of the matter was not yet. The Blackfeet would never rest until they had avenged the death of their brethren by wiping out the pale-faced invaders. Though they might not be strong enough to venture another attack at once, they would lurk around the trail until they could be reinforced. Beyond a doubt, even at that moment, some of the best runners were on the way for assistance.

"War's Hoosier!" suddenly asked Brindle Joe, as the party were about to venture forth. "He ain't hyar!"

"I reckon he's all right," quietly replied Yellowstone Jack. "Mebbe he's gone on ahead to see of thar's any snags in the way."

It was in the gray of dawn. The trappers thought it best to leave the corral undiscovered, if possible, and so set out early, at first gliding directly away from the point where the trail had been lost on the preceding day. A few hundred yards would carry them to the broken ground, where they would have good cover to aid them in passing whatever spies the enemy might have upon the look-out.

As both Campbell and Yellowstone were well acquainted with the ground, little time was lost, every step leading in the right direction. Yet the sun was two hours high before they reached the mouth of the Wolf Pass, having done a great deal of cautious skulking in order to escape being seen by the Indians whom they discovered stationed at different points.

"I am puzzled," frankly admitted Campbell, after a considerable time spent in trying to recover the lost trail. "I can't see into it. Where can they have gone? I left them here, alive and well, with the worst of the storm over."

"Strange things is mighty apt to happen in these parts," quietly observed Yellowstone. "I've seed stranger things 'tween the week. An' that makes me think—yes, hyar 'tis. Mebbe you kin tell me what them crooked scratches mean," and the scout produced the bit of white buck-skin that had been wrapped around the arrow sent over his head by the strange maiden of the valley.

"It's writing!" exclaimed John Warren, taking the skin. "What does it mean? It says:—

"Your lives are in danger. The Blackfeet have found your trail. To-night they will attack you. Your only hope is in instant flight. From one who wishes you well."

"Kin a sperrit write?" abruptly demanded Jack.

"That's a question you can answer as well as I can. But why do you ask?" replied Warren, curiously.

"Nothin'—never mind. The gals fust, I reckon. I move we take a look down the canyon."

Warren turned pale as death, for he could not help but read the trapper's thought. Indeed, it was possible that the lost ones had been swept from the rock by the fearful tempest. And there seemed no other solution to the mystery. Had they left the spot by any other way, surely the keen-eyed scouts would have detected some signs of a trail. And there were none to be found.

"Look yender!" muttered Brindle Joe, after they had traversed something over a mile. "See that varmint, by the scrambling pine on the rock. I kin drap 'im frum hyar," and he handled his rifle eagerly.

"Don't be a fool, Joe; we don't want the hull kit on our backs, when we git in the canyon. Mustn't burn powder if it kin be helped—mind that."

"Yellowstone is right. We are not our own masters now, until this matter is fairly settled. After that there will be time enough for paying off old scores. I think we can manage to pass by without being discovered; if not, then leave him to me," said Campbell.

In single file the quartette glided along, taking advantage of every rock and bush to screen themselves from the roving gaze of the savage perched upon the point of rocks. This maneuvering consumed time, but it was finally successful, and then, when the look-out was safely passed, our friends increased their pace, and soon reached a point where they could descend into the canon.

At some distant age, this canon had evidently been the channel of some powerful stream. The sides of rock were worn and eaten curiously, and some of the larger boulders that thickly strewn the bed were worn smooth and round. Others had more recently fallen from the heights above, and were still rough and jagged. There was a thin deposit of sand and earth along the bed, and this had, in places, given growth to shrubs, vines and even goodly-sized trees.

"We could play hide-an'-hunt-us hyar w' the hull Blackfoot tribe for a month o' Sundays!" observed Brindle Joe, curiously noting some of the caverns.

"Ontel they'd roast us out, you mean. This stuff'd burn like greasewood, in a fa'r breeze."

A low exclamation from Campbell, who was a few yards in advance, interrupted the trapper. He was bending over a blood-stained rock, that had barely dried.

"Sign—and it came from up there," he slowly said, pointing upward, where the bent and broken branches of the tree lent emphasis to his words.

"Cain't be; thar's no gittin' 'tween half a mile o' the edge up thar," positively returned Yellowstone Jack.

"Yes there is; I know a trail that would lead one right above us, though 't would require strong nerves and a steady hand. And some one has tried it, as you see."

"Must 'a bin the devil, then, fer no human critter could fall down from thar an' live 'fter. Yit hyar's a trail, one a blind man could foller," retorted Brindle Joe, pointing to a few drops of blood that his keen eye had discovered, leading away from the spot.

Campbell and Yellowstone eagerly bent over the trail, and Warren waited for their verdict with beating heart. Yet it did not seem possible that his lost ones could have reached this spot.

"We'll see where it leads, anyway. Brindle Joe, will you trail, or shall I?" uttered Campbell.

"You lead; we'll kiver you. Thar may be varmints at t'other end o' this. Old man, you kinder keep behind, so's not to spile the trail. Now, stranger, spread y'urself."

But Campbell found little difficulty in following the trail. The blood-drops were never more than a yard apart, sometimes even closer, and a far less experienced eye than his would have sufficed for the task.

"Bleeds like a stuck pig!" muttered Brindle Joe.

"Must be a healthy critter, to walk so fur an' so stiddy, 'fter a tum'le like that," added Yellowstone.

The trail led on for over half a mile, then seemed to end all at once. The blood-drops were no longer to be seen, until Yellowstone pointed to a place where the wall slanted abruptly down to the canon bed. His keen eyes had detected a tiny blotch of blood.

"He's in them bushes, I reckon," muttered the trapper.

His voice was abruptly drowned by a half-stifled shriek, coming from the point toward which their faces were turned. Then they distinguished the words:

"Mercy—would you murder me?"

"It's Maynard's voice—I know it!" cried Warren, leaping up the rude steps and tearing aside the vine-wreathed bushes, revealing a dark cavity.

"After 'im; he'll git into a pizen scrape, the old fool!" cried Yellowstone Jack, as he sprang forward.

A strange scene lay before them. The weird woman clutching a knife, bending over the feebly struggling emigrant. She had heard the cry of John Warren, and turned her head in surprise.

The emigrant sprang forward and wrested the weapon from her hand, hurling her with violence against the rocks. She dropped in a heap, senseless.

"Thank God! I owe you my life!" faintly uttered Maynard.

"My child—Minnie—where is she?" cried the almost-distracted father, staring wildly around, as though hoping to discover his lost ones hidden within the cave.

"God knows!" brokenly replied the young man. "They were with me when I was shot—then I fell down from the ledge we were upon. A strange man found me, and brought me here. Then she came, and—"

"What is he? Mebbe he kin tell us something," suggested Yellowstone Jack, as Warren sunk to the floor.

At this moment a rifle-shot sounded from without, mingled with a shrill yell of mortal agony; and a moment later there came a dull, heavy, sickening thud upon the rocky bed of the canon.

"Come out here, you fellows—I've made a coup and found a prize!" cried Campbell's voice, exultantly.

As the trio emerged, they saw him bending over a horribly crushed and mangled corpse, coolly tearing off the feathered scalp lock.

"A chief—see!" and he held up the disgusting trophy, while a fiendish expression distorted his pale features. "A chief of the Blackfeet; and he was in nice business, too! You see the ledge above—it's where the blue line of rock ends. He was upon that, with—now, old man, don't go into a fit—she's all right,

though she did fall back out of sight—I said she was with a woman—a white woman. You're right, old man—twas one of those we were looking for. The black-haired one."

A groan of agony burst from Warren's lips; but then he quickly brightened up. Though Campbell had seen only one, it was possible that Minnie was also there. At least Ada would be apt to know where she was to be found.

"Quick—we must rescue her—oh, hasten!" "Easy, old man—thar's the young feller an' the—"

"Thar goes the witch!" yelled Brindle Joe, pointing along the canon bed. "How'd she slip past us?"

"You fellers kin see to the gal—I'm goin' to ketch that witch," gritted Yellowstone. "Thar's Chavez to pay for yit!"

He darted away, closely followed by Brindle Joe.

"We'll have to leave the young man, since he is unable to walk," said Campbell. "We can send back for him after we rescue the lady. I'll tell him."

Maynard gladly consented to remain behind, when he heard what had happened. Campbell left him a revolver, to defend himself with, in case of need, and then left the den, accompanied by John Warren.

"Now, old man, put your legs to good use. The sooner we get up thar, the easier I'll feel," muttered Campbell, darting away.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 278.)



PARTED.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

The stars that shine above the night
Or sparkle in the sea,
Seem to my heart not half so bright
As when you watched with me.

The wind that plays among the trees
And creeps the clover through,
Is far less pleasant than the breeze
That fanned both me and you.

The meteor's lightning track displays
Its false prophetic power;
For it foretold but sunny days
Where now the storm-clouds lower.

The last farewell we spoke in play
Was "Fare-thee-well!" indeed—
Alas! what loving hearts now say
Before the morn will bleed!

Alas! that love should ever be,
As mine has been, in vain!
For hearts that love in truth, though free,
Can never love again.

I have no bitter words for you,
Whom I have loved and lost;
Your friendship was not base, untrue—
You did not count the cost.

Of our brief summertime of love,
In which we were as gay,
As happy in each other's love
As I am sad to-day.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
If you had been untrue,
The loveless things that yet remain
Than thus remember you!

Mrs. Butterworth's Boarder

BY HENRI MONTCAIM.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH's boarder had drawn Mrs. Butterworth's best rocking-chair out upon Mrs. Butterworth's front porch, and was now sitting with his slippers on top of the railing, smoking his meerschaum, as coolly as though it were December instead of July.

Mr. Dessaint—as Mrs. B. had confided to her next-door neighbor, the second day after his arrival—was the "quickest man you most ever did see."

He was a big, ruddy, blonde young fellow, with a face that would have been rather a joy to behold, but for the many chestnut beard. He had written that he was a rusty old bachelor of twenty-five, and wanted a good cool place to kill the summer in. He certainly looked cool enough in his white duck suit, and Panama hat, as he sat there puffing contentedly at his pipe, and watching pretty Kitty Butterworth, as she walked up the path, swinging her hat a little nervously by the strings as she came.

"Miss Butterworth," he said, letting his eyelids droop drowsily, and lazily regarding her through a cloud of freshly-emitted smoke. "You look warm."

"And why should I not, pray? I've been walking. You look cool enough."

Without heeding this remark, which was delivered in rather a spiteful tone, Mr. Dessaint feebly motioned the smoke aside with his white hand, and languidly said: "Miss Butterworth, what do you suppose I was thinking of just now?"

"The person in whom you are most interested, I suppose."

"And who do you think that is?"

"Yourself, of course."

"No, yourself."

"Indeed!"—elevating her eyebrows provocatively.

"Yes—or rather, of your name. Miss Butterworth, candidly now, don't you think yours is a very—well, a very homely sort of name?"

Kitty fired up at once. "It may be a homely name," she cried. "We are homely people. But it has been good enough for my fathers before me, and I guess it is good enough for me."

"Well, but—no offense, you know—don't you think you had better change it?"

"No, sir, not for any other that I ever heard of," and Miss Kitty flounced off up-stairs in a state of highly wrought indignation.

"What right had he to talk to me like that?" she said to herself. "Change my name, indeed. I wonder what he meant. One thing I know. If I was thinking of so doing, I should look for some less disagreeable person than Mr. Louis Dessaint."

When she came down-stairs half an hour after, looking fresh and smiling in her white dress, she had forgotten all about the above conversation. Mr. Dessaint was still on the porch, and Kitty came out with her sewing and sat down on the settee near him. They often sat thus of the summer afternoons, and to tell the truth Kitty almost always enjoyed talking with Mr. Dessaint, for no man could be more agreeable and entertaining when he chose. But to-day some strange perversity seemed to have seized him. He sat idly regarding her for some time, while neither spoke. Finally he got up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, carefully refilled and relighted it, and then came and stood by her, looking down curiously at her or her work, she could not tell which.

"Miss Kitty," he began, in the old bantering tone, "excuse me for not saying Miss Butterworth. You know I dislike the name exceedingly—Miss Kitty, I have a very particular request to make. Will you grant it?"

"Not before I know what it is, most assuredly."

"But I'm going to tell you what it is."

"Very well," and she kept on with her needle-work indifferently.

"I want you to marry me."

So abruptly, so unexpectedly was this very original proposal made, that the meaning of the words was not at once apparent. Kitty looked up inquiringly at the face which was looking down at her—a face kindly in its expression in spite of the cynical mustache, which gave to the mouth an ill-deserved appearance of insincerity. Then as she began to comprehend the full force of the words, the blood came rushing to her face. Poor Kitty! She little knew the man who stood so coolly nonchalant beside her. She did not perceive the wistful, earnest light that shone deep down in his blue eyes, and she thought he was quizzing her. Slowly she gathered her work together, rose to her fullest height, and stood for a moment, her black eyes flashing back their indignation into his.

Then she angrily brushed aside the tears that would come in spite of her, and turned away, "grand as Boadicea, and twice as beautiful." She never stopped till she reached her room, where she flung herself, sobbing, on the bed, and reproached herself bitterly for actually admiring this great, handsome, conceited fellow, whose greatest delight seemed to consist in tormenting and mortifying herself. Maybe it would have consoled her not a little, could she have heard Louis Dessaint scolding himself for his folly, after she had left him. "Confound it!" he muttered. "Why must I always go about a thing in this kind of way?" When I am most in earnest, I invariably seem most indifferent. No wonder she was vexed. No body would have suspected I really meant to pop the question. She didn't say no anyway. Perhaps I shall be more explicit next time. I'll try again this evening."

But Miss Kitty did not come down-stairs again that night, and the next day and the next she kept herself so busy and was so frigid when he approached her that our hero found it impossible to explain himself. At length one evening he came down suddenly and found her alone on the porch. She would have run past him into the house, but his burly form filled the doorway.

"Just one moment, Miss Butterworth—it is a homely name, hang me if it isn't—I want to beg your pardon for my rudeness the other day." In spite of his resolution, here he was speaking in the same provoking strain as before.

She bowed coldly, and said:

"It is of no consequence. Pray don't humiliate yourself to apologize. You will kindly allow me to pass, I think. I'll go in."

"But you will let me tell you first what I tried to make you understand before. Upon my honor, Miss Butterworth, I meant just what I said. I want you to marry me," and he made an unsuccessful attempt to possess himself of her hand.

"You are very kind, sir," she said, in as freezing a manner as a poor girl nearly melted to tears well could. "But you must excuse me. I feel obliged to deny your request," and she hurried by him. He stood a moment really grieved and very much puzzled to know how he should come to an understanding with her. Then, as she vanished up the stair, he could not for the life of him avoid calling after her.

"Excuse me for not taking such an answer. You are under age, and I shall ask your father." Miss Kitty was already so far away that it is chance if she heard the closing portion of his remarks; but as it would have it farther Butterworth did. He happened to enter the gate just at that instant; and Dessaint turning was much chagrined to find him thus within hearing. However, the young man's habitual impudence did not desert him, and with characteristic decision he determined to make the best of the situation. He came to the point at once.

"Mr. Butterworth—by the way, don't you think your family name is a trifle awkward?—I want your permission to marry your daughter."

"Wal," slowly answered the farmer, "I don't know jes' what to say. What does she think about it?"

"I haven't asked her yet—that is—well, I think if I had your permission I could bring her around."

"Wal, I'll tell ye just how it is, Mister Dessaint," said the farmer, after some thought. "Even if she was willin', I don't know 's I should be. I don't mind tellin' you that I'm in a mighty tight fix jes' now. Old Sol Wilson down at the Tidemill has bought up the mortgage on this place, and I've jes' got word that he means to foreclose at once. 'Twas due long ago. He knows I can't pay the half of it, thet's why he's bought it. He's allus hed a grudge 'gainst me ever since I cut him out with Nancy. I don't keer so much for myself but my wife and poor little Kitty—it'll go hard with them—and the farmer fairly broke down and sobbed as he thought of his wife and child turned away from the old homestead. Louis was affected though it was not his way to show it. At length he said:

"Why not let me take care of Kitty for you?"

"Wal, Mister Dessaint," the farmer answered, brushing the tears from his eyes and looking the young man straight in the face, "to say truth, you ain't jest the man to trust a girl to. I like you, I frustate, and I s'pose you're fine gentleman enough; but your hands don't look to me as ef they could ever work much for a woman. You don't seem to hev any business; and fine clothes and kid gloves won't support a family."

Louis Dessaint sat for a long time smoking his pipe in silence. It shamed him more than he cared to own that a keen, just man like this could speak to him in such a way and he could find no word of excuse for himself. He had never told his host that he was wealthy, and it really pained him now to think that he, a young, strong, and, as he believed, a man not without talent, should appear to this honest farmer so poor a dawdler that he dared not trust his daughter to him. Must he then say to the father, "I am rich," in order to win the daughter? His pride revolted at the idea, and the subject was dropped for the time.

Long after the farmer went in the young man sat, in no very satisfactory reflection upon the worthlessness of his own life. There, alone with himself and the night, he resolved that he would no longer waste his youth and talent in idle playing, but would rouse himself to action and show the woman he loved, and the man who had so kindly reproved him, that he was not the useless thing he seemed. Meanwhile he was rich, and the farmer must be driven from his home. How could he pay the debt without betraying the fact of his own wealth? Sleep came upon his weary brain while the question was yet unanswered. But the morrow took the matter into its own hands.

The next night, just after tea, the farmer and his wife and daughter sat together on the porch. Dessaint had been with them a few moments; but the sadness which they vainly

strove to banish from their faces made him somehow feel that theirs was a circle of which he formed no part at such a time, and from which he ought to withdraw. So he had betaken himself to his room just overhead and was sitting at the window, playing softly on his flute. While thus engaged he saw a small, unimpressive-looking man drive up to the gate, and after securing his horse, walk quickly into the yard. Presently loud tones below caused him to cease playing, and then the angry words of the stranger caught his ear.

"Well, well, John Butterworth, every dog must have his day. You had your twenty years ago, when you brought Nancy Colgate home to your father's house; and now I'll have mine when I drive her out of it. She might have had me and been a rich woman to-day; but she chose you, and now she may lie in the bed she has made."

Then Louis heard the manly yet discouraged reply of the farmer, and then the spirited tones of his wife as she said:

"Yes, Solomon Wilson, I have made my choice, and be sure I had rather take my John to-day without a cent than you with all your thousands."

"Very well! Saturday morning at ten o'clock I'll have the sheriff on this porch to sell the farm to the highest bidder. And I shall be the purchaser, Nancy Butterworth, I shall be the purchaser—and that very week you and your good-for-nothing husband and that hussy, who can do nothing but embroider and piany-playing—you'll all go packing off to the poorhouse!" But the "said mortgagee" was here interrupted in his eloquent remarks by a very large-sized apparition which appeared suddenly before him.

A quick step on the stair and Louis Dessaint had passed the family group and stood white with rage before the startled visitor. "Another word, sir," he gasped, "and I shall forget that you are an old man and I a young one. You contemptible old scoundrel, do you think, because you hold a mortgage on this place, that you can come here and abuse an honest man in this way? My name is Dessaint; you've had dealings with my father, and know I can do as I say. Bring your mortgage here to-morrow and it shall be paid. Not a word, sir," he went on, shouting as the old man opened his lips to reply, and the white hand which Farmer Butterworth had ridiculed, unable longer to restrain itself, seized Mr. Wilson by the ear and led him writhing and snarling to the gate.

The man drove off, shaking his fist back at them in a threatening manner; and Louis, usually so calm, came back looking so fierce and red that they all laughed in spite of themselves. "Mr. Butterworth," said he, "you must let me take up the mortgage. I have more pocket-money than I know what to do with, and besides, I consider it a first-class investment. You can pay it when you get ready."

We pass over the scene which followed—the many protestations of the sturdy farmer, and his final yielding and warm expressions of gratitude. An hour later, as Louis found himself once more alone with Kitty Butterworth, in spite of his previous rejection by both father and daughter, he ventured to renew his suit.

"Kitty," he softly whispered, as he bent over her, "don't you think you might be induced to reconsider that resolution? As true as I stand here, I love you better than any one on earth."

There was no answer, only the little hand struggled but slightly to free itself, and even softly returned his warm pressure.

"And you will marry me?" he murmured.

"I will grant your request"—and somehow her head, of its own accord, found its way to his shoulder and his arm stole around her waist.

"And now, Kitty," said he, after a long hour of the most sentimental nonsense you ever heard of, "on your honor, ar'n't you glad you are going to get rid of the name of—Butterworth?"

And then he smothered her soft affirmative with a kiss.

The Letter-Box.

DAY (Summit, N. J.) writes:

"Will you please tell me the meaning of the word philopena, and the rules of the same; also, what book to get for verses for autographs?"

Philopena means a penalty—a gift given as a fine. The lady or gentleman finding a nut containing a double kernel asks some friend to eat one meat with her or him. At the next meeting the person who first eats the nut is entitled to a gift from the other participant in the game. Other methods, however, prevail. A half of any fruit or candies may be used; and the catch may be—the one who first says Yes or No, to a question of the other, shall pay the penalty; or, the one who first takes any article from the hand of the other.

Autograph albums of all sizes are popular. The books used for collecting the writings of friends; generally, the signature—autograph—merely of the person is entered; but a few lines may be added if the owner of the volume so desires. A pretty and entertaining album is the Mental Photograph Album, containing a page of novel questions for the writer to answer.

"CARLOTTA" (Batavia).

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OLL COOMES AGAIN!

In the next number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be given the opening chapters of

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Wild Dick, the Boy Wood Rover,

The Three Boy Adventure-Hunters,

Bold Heart, the Young Half-Breed,

The Reckless Irish Sailor Lad,

The Brave Boy Miner, Idaho Tom,

The Odd Yankee, Zedekiah Dee,

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The Floating Island Water Drovers,

are some of the characters in a story that fairly

scintillates with interest and flashes with action.

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"HUZZA! FOR OLL COOMES!"

Sunshine Papers.

The County Fair.

THE SUN rose out of seas of gray and garnet and resolved all nature into a flood of yellow sheen. And every one was glad. Every one in our county, that is, for it was fair-day, and men, women and children were going, *en masse*. Ours is a very orthodox, respectable, and well-mannered county, so who would think of staying home from the fair, when the habit of generations has made it fashionable to go?

Such hurrying and scurrying about the house to get breakfast out of the way, and the "fixing up" done! Such laying out of best clothes, and such careful toilet! And then the packing of the baskets!

Are the biscuits in, and the eggs, and the dollies, and cakes, and bottles of ale? Yes! Well, how thoughtful! There is the ham, and the silver cup; pray what were we to eat with our bread, and what were we to drink from? And the salt! I'll wager you have forgotten salt!

But the baskets are ready at length—at least we feel comfortably sure they are, until we go to tie and are minus knives and cork-screw—the bay mare is sniffling, and throwing her braided and be-ribboned forelock about, before the carriage, the key is turned in the lock, and all the family are stowed in their places with much ado about rumpling of costumes. For we all wear our best bib and tucker to the county fair. Indeed, the gathering is very much of a display of county suits; the highest premium, to the costliest and most stylish attire, being unlimited staves, and a great deal of unexpressed envy, and some expressed, in such remarks as:

"Do look at Miss Rapeley! Is not that suit awfully becoming? Such fussiness! Such airs! Wonder if she thinks that handsome! I'd be ashamed to dress so flashy and have every one staring at me!"

There goes Neighbor Elbert and his mother, and Sary Ann, and all the children, behind the old yellow horses; and there is Isaac and his girl bowing by in his new gig; and all the eight miles we drive along orchards, and farms, and ponds, and woodland, we pass, or are passed, by friends, relatives, and neighbors, all bound to that great center of attraction, the county fair. And there is fluttering of ribbons and sunshades, and laughing, and racing, and dust, and heat, until at last we are within the great circular ground, and pacing slowly along the crowded drive among barouches, farm-wagons, landaus, wagonettes, road-wagons, gigs, phaetons, sulkeys, skeletons, and only a devout student of some carriage manufactory's catalogue could tell what, bowing to this acquaintance, criticizing that turnout, admiring some costume, getting in a tangle of wheels and colors.

Down in the corner is a dog-show, as one might suspect from the name, and the chorus of at least a hundred performers; and along here are poultry, making very grave and very pert remarks to each other, quite loud enough for we of a different language to hear, though we do not understand. This is a patent humbug for hatching eggs, and over there is every device for scientific, fashionable, and easy farming.

Shall we go inside? Ah! how crowded and close it is! What a thriving trade the ice-cream merchants are doing! Flowers, flowers—pyramids, towers, tables, banks of them! What grand yellow roses double as clover-heads, large as cups, and richly fragrant! What jostling, and crowding, and laughing, and chattering, and flirting, and staring! Suppose we seize upon those just-vacated seats a few moments, and use eyes and ears?

Then in is one of the richest in the county and the greatest scallawag. We passed his magnificent team outside. See how pompous he is, and how obsequiously he is greeted on every side by cringing followers after wealth, and how his elegantly-attired wife is scanned by county belles, who turn up their mobile little noses at her Parisian toilet, but will go home and spend days in trying to imitate it. Ah! they are gushingly greeted by those two girls—cousins who adore and copy and quote, on all occasions, "dear cousin Ishmael," and "my stylish cousin, Mrs. Ishmael De Gray." They, the girls, are well known as county belles, and have been in society for years without any more chance of making the "rich match" they are looking for than a decade

ago. They have a comfortable home, are pleasant entertainers, are nice housewives, chatty, gossip, lively, and good-natured, and have two pursuits and ambitions in life—to dress well and to marry rich. That girl, homely, yet handsome in the becomingness and perfect details of her toilet, is an editor's daughter; those three dowdy-dressed, haughty-aired misses are the children of one of our county lawyers; that gentleman, with the high white brow and long light hair combed smoothly back, is a clergyman who frowns upon croquet as sinful, but an hour from now will be intensely excited and delighted with the horse-racing; all consistency is a jewel that even all the teachers of "us miserable sinners" do not possess! Some one is saying:

"Do look at Jennie Hildreth! She was such a lovely blonde three years ago, and now she is married and everlastingly homely! Married Tom Hildreth because he was rich and danced round dances so nicely! Well, she does not dance much now, I'll wager, and he is dreadfully ugly and— Oh! you dear Lillian, I'm so charmed to see you, and delighted to make Mr. Hawley's acquaintance—I'm so glad they are gone! Did you ever see such a setting waister! She always makes her own clothes, and all for the family, besides teaching school! Well, that is not much, she is such a bother! I wonder why such Jewy-looking girls do not dress in better taste! Oh! Miss Seymour, I have heard of you so often, you seem to me a stranger! I hope you are enjoying yourself. I should be charmed to have you visit us!— Well! well! I cannot see what people admire that brazen thing for! Such horrid eyes, and no style, and such 'loud' airs! So that was the distinguished Hon.— with her. How disgustingly she acts about him; quite makes herself conspicuous. I am of the opinion that she is not a very proper person to know! Shall we move on? I want to look at people's dresses and see if I can get some new ideas for making over my striped silk."

So they move on, and as we do the same—among mincing misses and buxom lassies, stylish exquisites and bashful farmer lads, bedizened old ladies and dear old Quakeresses, gossiping women and jolly men, toward the grand stand, to view the races—last attraction of the day—we feel that for getting people's opinions of us, and yet being no wiser concerning them, commend us to a county fair.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

I DON'T tell fortunes by cards or by explaining the mysteries of tea-leaves; I have no "magic mirror," in which you can view the past, present and future; neither do I hang a tin sign outside my humble domicile bearing the words: "The world-renowned Prophetess and Seersess from Bughum!" still I have been extremely fortunate in predicting the future for certain people. My recipe is no secret. You are all welcome to it, and, "if you profit by it my purpose will be accomplished," as the story writers often have it.

In the first place, when a young man has come to me and told me that the world is all against him—that he hasn't one frier who cares for him whether he lives or dies, and that the world is cold, callous, heartless and unfeeling, I am inclined to prophesy that, if he hasn't a better opinion of his neighbors and gives way in such a whining, complaining spirit he'll end his days in the lunatic asylum. He will become so morbid that he will not be able to find any delight in the world. If he wants people to care more for him, he must care more for others, he must leave off moping and go to working. Grumbling at the world and its inhabitants will make them no better.

The world seems upside down to many people because they look at it in a wrong direction, and, so long as they continue to do so, so long will it never alter its position. Isn't it pretty safe to prophesy for those whoiners that the world and those who dwell upon it will seem worse and not better as it grows older?

When young ladies tell you how many offers they have refused, you will be justified in setting down the number at exactly one-half, for young ladies are quite prone to exaggerate in such cases. The cause of these refusals appears to be that Alphonse, Algernon or Sidney are not good enough for them. You may think truthfully that it is more likely they are not good enough for Alphonse, Algernon or Sidney. The trouble that we have noticed among people is, they seem to have a horror of old maids. I know one woman who did not marry for love or money. "What in patience name did she marry for then?" Well, to tell you the plain truth, she married to escape the stigma of being called an old maid. I told her she would be ten times happier to remain single than to marry from any other motive as that. I was right. I prophesied that she wouldn't be happy and she isn't. I know another person who detested old maids—poor, misguided creature—and when I used to tell her that, if she treated her gentleman friends so badly, and refused so many good offers, she might become the very thing she so much detested—an old maid.

She was exceedingly indignant and told me she should just get married when she chose to do so. She scornfully turned up her nose and remarked "that there was no danger of ever passing her life in single misery; she could have anybody she chose." I was right in my fortune-telling again, for it has proved, as I felt sure it would, instead of being able to have anybody, there seems to be no one who will have her.

Such kind of fortune-telling is of almost too blunt a nature to suit the general public—folks are not apt to like to be told the truth, especially when it is of a disagreeable nature, consequently there are not "millions in it," and I have not followed the profession whereby I could keep the "wolf from the door" and find myself in tea and bread.

I know a little bit more of fortune-telling, however. I know that the man who saves and is prudent will make more money than the one who spends his money foolishly and extravagantly. I know that the tippler will bring up at the poor-house sooner than the temperance man. I know that the woman who goes about doing good stands a better chance of getting into Heaven than she who wastes her time in talking scandal, and I know that a good son will make a good father, and a bad son needn't come anywhere near me where I can see him, for it's very likely I may be rude enough to shut the door in his face.

EVE LAWLESS.

LARGE EARS AND SMALL EARS.

LARGE ears, says a theorist, mounting his hobby, hear things in general, and denote broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought; while small ears hear things in particular, and show a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by a love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with the lead-

ing facts of a case, with the general principle involved—too strict an attention to the enumeration of details, especially all repetition of the more unimportant—is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generality, and are usually fitted to conduct large enterprises, to receive and pay out money in large sums; they prefer to give with a free hand, without reference to the amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story, as well as the main facts; take a delight often in examining, handling, or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact as to inches and ounces in buying and selling, to the extent at least of knowing the exact number over or under the stated measure given or received. People with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business.

Foolsap Papers.

Declaration of Dependents.

At a recent meeting of the (very) united Order of Husbands in Oysterville they adopted the following Declaration of Dependents:

When in the course of inhuman events it becomes necessary for husbands to state the grievances of our lives, we will therefore do so fearlessly—hoping it will never reach the ears or eyes of our wives, for there would be worse oppression than ever.

They have restricted our rights in going to public balls alone.

They are too much addicted to the rule of making a common house-broom work both ways, and we would respectfully request that it hereafter be abolished as an article of domestic economy, in furtherance of which we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

They have not exactly destroyed our tea, but our taste for that beverage by their little desertation at the supper-table, which reflect so vastly upon our general deportment, and make us so happy that the wearing of crape upon our hats would be a pleasing ornament.

Without due cause they scold us to sleep at nights and then without any conscience wake us up in the morning, when we are still half-full of sleep, to make the kitchen fires. We gave, it seems, our right hands for this, but we are now willing to give our right hands to get out of it.

If we should happen to place our muddy boots on the center-table they forthwith object to it with the other end of the mopstick, which is very hard to be borne, and it is a bourn to which very few of us have any desire to return. And yet our names are incessantly omitted from Fox's Book of Martyrs, last edition.

When we go home to our meals, too late, they always growl at us, but they are never willing to allow us to growl at them when we come to meals too early.

They are always willing to let us have the last word—they give it to us, free gratis.

They are given to regulating their expenditures according to our incomes—the less our income the more they expend.

They never saw a button on our shirt without sticking their fingers, and they make that an excuse never to see another one.

They never darn our stockings without darning us.

When by accident we should come home a little too early in the morning they rather put us out of the notion of doing so very soon again.

When they go into a store and don't see everything they want they are pretty certain to want everything they see, which is a little surer than fate.

While they are continually running down our bad qualities they are engaged in running up our bills.

We earnestly object to the way they stamp their feet whenever we happen to refuse the request to come gently down with the stamps, and if we are tied to their apron-strings why should it follow that they are tied to our purse-strings?

They would no more go to church with a bonnet one day too old than they would go to a dinner one hour too late.

They have imposed enormous burthens upon us in their desire to appear better dressed than anybody else, and in this matter they don't seem to care a cent for a penny.

Writers say that women are the weaker sex, but every one in this convention is willing to aver that it is entirely different, at least, as far as our experience goes.

They make a desperate race to keep up with the styles, and we are obliged to make an equally desperate race to keep up with their bills.

Their wills are their own personal property, to which we have not come into possession by marriage, and you might as well try to break the will of your same grandfather as theirs. When they say they won't that is as good as a corner-stone, and you can build a house upon it and it won't fall. Their wills are testimentary, coddily speaking.

If we should give one of the children a slap they take it as an usurpation of their powers, and trouble begins in that house with a suddenness that is startling, when they can spank the children by the hour and if we would dare say a word in interference it would be inter-fer-ful.

They are perfect masters of the English language, which they can twist in such shapes and apply the same to us whenever anything happens, in a way that makes us tremble and back out of the house.

They iron our linen pants the wrong way, and what buttons stick to the irons they always leave off.

They put everything of our wearing apparel so safely and orderly out of sight that we can never find them when we want them.

They search our pockets after night for incendiary documents, and if they don't find anything they get as mad as if they had.

They drag us to church on the very hottest Sunday after they get their new bonnets.

It is written that all men are created free and equal, but by some mistake women are not mentioned, and we believe they take advantage of the omission.

All the foregoing truths we hold to be self-evident, and we will maintain them at the expense of our lives—unless we should happen to be confronted in regard to them by our wives. These proceedings are not ordered to be printed in any paper in the city.

After they had signed their names and shed a few mutual tears they adjourned at a late hour, each man taking a short cut through alleys and byways toward home, expecting to meet his wife out on the hunt for him, and tried to get into the house with all the softness of a sentimental burglar.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A BOOK is a letter to the unknown friends one has in the world.

Topics of the Time.

It is proposed that every theater in America and Great Britain shall, on April 23, 1876, give a performance for the benefit of the Shakspearian fund.

The old maids in Athens, Georgia, recently met in convention, and resolved that the Legislature ought to make it a penal offense for any widow to marry again.

Rumormongers and deafness are inflicting their disagreeable presence on that excellent woman, the Princess of Wales. The prince finds his physical enemy the gout. He wouldn't be a constitutional Englishman, d'ye see, without the gout.

California female teachers have always treated the school trustee's boy with the distinguished consideration which, as the son of his father, he is entitled to, and now they get just as much pay as male teachers.

Prof. W. Stanley Jevons, in a treatise on scientific method, asserts that "if the whole population of the world, say 100,000,000 of persons, were to deal cards day and night for 100,000 years, they would not have exhausted one hundred thousandth part of the possible deals of a pack of cards."

One of Tennyson's friends quoted one of Tennyson's lines in the poet's presence, as a happy instance of the natural expression of a spontaneous thought, and the poet said, "I smoked a dozen cigars over that line. That's how most inspirations come—through intense mental work."

There is a Marionette Theater in Paris, wherein wooden figures are made to entertain large audiences of young folks. Another Parisian place of amusement is called Le Theatre des Enfantens, the acting being done by boys and girls of twelve years or younger.

There are five or six manufactories of condensation in this country. There is an extensive trade with Germany in this article, and some of the companies do a large business with China and Japan. It is one of the numerous "Yank emotions" which the world says "Thank ye!"

A Philadelphia firm is planting several thousand acres of land in Virginia with seeds of forest trees—black and white walnut, hickory, chestnut, locust, etc. Unless America is to become a desert in the next century, forest trees must be cultivated more rapidly than they are now destroyed.

A new religious vagary in California is a sect of "Child Christians," who interpret literally the passage, "except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." They endeavor to feel and act like children, playing childish games and adopting an infantile manner of speech.

The Tartar population of the Crimea is reported to be seriously diminishing. The obligation of military service leads large numbers to take flight to Turkey, and the small-pox, moreover, is committing great ravages. No sooner is a child vaccinated by a surgeon than the parents suck out the lymph lest the young Mussulman should have any impure Christian blood in him.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune states that the tail and part of the mane and flank of the leaden equestrian statue of George III., torn away by the Colonists at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, are lying half buried in the ground at Wilton, Connecticut, whither the statue was carried to be run into bullets for the use of the Continental soldiers.

The peripatetic bore tells us that the man, who is in the habit of winding up the clock and washing the baby's face when he comes home at night, came home the other night and washed the clock's face and wound up the baby. Such things will happen once in a while in the best regulated families; therefore a man ought not to be asked to wash the baby's face.

The governor of Ceylon has issued a prohibition against the destruction of elephants, which are becoming scarce on account of the slaughter by sportsmen. These sagacious and powerful animals are very useful in industrial labors. They are especially valuable in the construction of bridges, and will carry stones with the accuracy of masons. If our government would emulate Ceylon by prohibiting the senseless slaughter of our game it would do a wise thing.

The "Stars and Stripes," it is supposed, were first given to the breeze by Paul Jones. The explanation is this: Congress resolved on June 14, 1777, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternating red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." On September 3d the resolution was officially promulgated, and the flag was hoisted to the command of the Ranger on the same day.

The pawnbrokers' sign of three balls is said to have originated as follows: The Medici family of Florence placed on their shield three golden pills as an allusion to their professional origin. The family became the greatest of Italian bankers, known as the Lombards, who were the first to establish a pawnbroking business in London, and used the symbol of the three balls as a coat-of-arms. From this it came to be used by pawnbrokers in general as a sign of their business.

The wife of the late Professor Agassiz rose one morning and proceeded, according to custom, to put on her stockings and shoes. At a certain stage of this process a little scream attracted Mr. Agassiz's attention, and, not having yet risen, he leaned anxiously upon his elbow, inquiring what was the matter. "Why, professor, a little snake has just crawled out of my foot," said she. "Only one, my dear," returned the professor, calmly looking down again, "there should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.

The philosophers of India once possessed a book so large that it required a thousand camels to carry it. A king desired to have it abridged, and certain scholars reduced it so that it could be carried by a single camel. Other kings came, who demanded that it should be diminished still more, until at length the volume was reduced to four maxims. The first of these maxims bade kings to be just; the second prescribed obedience to the people; the third recommended mankind not to eat except when they were hungry; the fourth advised wisdom to be modest.

The excitement over rifle-shooting is now at fever-heat, and we may expect "rifle practice" to be all the rage for the coming year. Even the chronic poet has got the disease, for he writes:

And with the shootists stand,
A target straight before me,
A rifle in my hand,
I want to see the people
Applauding of my shot,
And I don't care if it's Creedmore,
Or Dollymount or not.

There is a rule in seminaries, generally compelling the pupils to submit all letters written to friends to the matron for inspection, in order to prevent clandestine correspondence with lovers, and consequent scandal. The girls chafed under this restraint, until an ingenious little miss invented a plan for defying the surveillance. The letters written by the girls were plain and matter-of-fact, containing no words of love, but upon the envelopes, under the stamps, were short and tender notes. The fact that most of the girls used three-cent stamps, instead of a three-cent stamp, aroused the suspicion of the leading lady in one of the most fashionable seminaries, and led to an exposure of the dodge.

Though fat is a very objectionable form of diet in summer, it is a mistake to suppose that animal food is not necessary or desirable during intense heat. This was formerly the universal impression, but has been altered by recent observations in Central Africa, where it is now known that among the natives the appetite for animal food is voracious to the extreme, and the late Dr. Livingstone testified with reference to himself, that such voracity is not merely the result of a savage nature, but a natural consequence of climate. He, under the impression that vegetable diet was best for him, conscientiously refrained from animal food on many occasions, until he perceived that course to be unwise. His abstention from animal food induced in him an extraordinary craving for fat, and led to ague and other disorders of a dangerous character, which were invariably allayed or cured by resorting again to animal food, which, he ate, on returning to it, with intense relish; his natural conviction, derived from these experiences, being that, for all climates, and under all circumstances, the most valuable of all food is beef.

The correspondent of the London Times, whose account of the handling of the venomous cobras at the Zoological Gardens, represented that these serpents, when held by the tip of the tail, are unable to raise themselves, has modified his statement. Dr. A. Gunther has assured him that it was solely owing to their exhausted condition that those serpents were thus handled with impunity. A vigorous cobra, a *Hammudryad*, or any of those little and active serpents whose movements are more assured than those of an acrobat, would in an instant turn their heads and guide up their own bodies as up a rope to strike at their captor. Thick-set, heavy-bodied vipers, like the puff adder and a few others, whose movements are slow, timid, and sluggish, might, Dr. Gunther affirms, be held at arm's length by the tips of their tails, and not raise themselves; but the experiment, even then, should be attempted with caution. Travelers who have stated that they have witnessed venomous serpents thus handled by jugglers or others, have either been deceived or the vigor of the snake or have omitted to mention what kind was thus trifled with.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as much as convenient, and edit and leave blank of each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full size number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must decline "Maud Weston's," "The Patterning Rain," "Dora Darling," "The Farwell Word," "Mr. Simon's Boarder," "The Old Trainer's Ruse," "Bob Hardy's Treat," "A Specimen Brick," "A Good Rogue."

The following are placed on the accepted list: "Waiting for the Morning," "Parted," "The Secret of the Rose," "All the Week Round," "A New Lodge," "A Colorado Court," "The Water Tragedy," "A Speckdy," "A Speckdy."

MARIA M. We never return MSS. at our own charge.

W. S. We can supply the numbers named.

L. M. J. Osgood & Co., Boston, will supply the book.

A SUFFERER. Avoid sea-baths if you have the chills.

A. B. A. Visit the office of any steamer line to obtain information about wages.

DAN ENGLISH. Dan Bryant, the negro minstrel, died some months ago.

W. H. THOMAS. Cannot supply the numbers of the story asked for.

HARRY B. Poems show talent for poetic composition, but are crude—probably from youth and inexperience.

A SUFFERER (No. 2.) Mildews and flies can only be driven away by a smudge; there is no remedy for the pests.

NEPTUNE. Cannot answer, just now, your first two questions.—The stories in the series named are all out of print.

SWORD HUNTERS. The Norman line of kings ruled in England from 1066 to 1154.

E. M. N. Rochester. As to the "Keely Motor," we have yet to meet a person who knows anything about it. It is a very sensible idea to wait for results before investing in it. It is our private opinion that it is a new adaptation of an old principle, and that it really will amount to nothing in a practical way.

ISSACHAR. India is by no means all under English control. Several of the old kingdoms, though tributary to the Governor-General's authority, yet preserve their ancient government and systems undisturbed. Burma is wholly independent of English control, though lately compelled to make commercial concessions, which is an evident admission of lost supremacy. The Prince of Wales' visit is doubtless with reference to a consolidation of British dominion there.

OSTRACOD COUNTRY. The American system of making cheese, in factories, is fast being adopted in Great Britain, and has so reduced the prices that American cheese is driven from the market abroad. This is the chief reason why the cheese trade is prevailing here in the cheese trade. You farmers must "go in" for butter-making—that's your surest present remedy.

HANK. Ralph Ringwood (Capt. A. D. Hines) died over two years since, as we announced at the time, leaving in our hands a considerable mass of matter which had fallen from his profile pen for the two preceding years. These sketches we give from time to time, and shall continue to do so until all are used. They are exceedingly good.—No man, by law, has a right to carry concealed weapons, yet it is highly necessary for every citizen to be armed at night to assault, to be prepared for self-defense.

MISS A. J. R. We have Mrs. Dr. Blackwell for authority in saying that the use of any kind of medicine are alike injurious to female health. Your moods are, we suspect, a kind of nervous derangement. Avoid reading anything that arouses mental excitement, and equally avoid sitting alone. Try and be busy at something. Drink freely of milk and eat freely of fruit.

GARDENER, Amboy. The rose used for perfume is the old hundred leaf rose (red and white), flowering in the Middle States in June. This rose is perfectly hardy, bearing from 8 to 12 ounces of leaves per year per bushel. The rose should be picked in the morning before sunrise, or the sun's rays dissipate much of the flower's fragrance.

AMATEUR. We know nothing about the "patent dryer" for colors (paints), but can say this of all dryers—they really destroy the coloring matter of the paint. If dry

I HOPED.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

When my years were bright with the sunshine of youth,
And childhood all seemed a dream of divine truth;
When the idle hours on light pinions flew,
And yearnings awakened, as older I grew,
I hoped.

That the long, long years in their flight were more fleet,
That childhood were over and youth I might greet,
Ah, those years soon were gone, and youth I embraced,
But a good mother's teachings were not effaced,
As little by little the world I had learned,
Then a new desire in my young heart burned.

I hoped.

That the ever-progressing and changeable time,
On his strong wings might bear me to manhood's prime.

The bright days of my youth in swift flight passed,
Swift as the gold-flecked clouds that cannot last;
And in manhood's vigor, that long hoped-for pride,
I found myself embarked on life's restless tide.

I hoped.

When full weary of its vicissitudes' rage,
To find peace and rest in the haven of age.

I long weathered life's storms, but not all unharmed,
For I reached that haven of life's prime disarmed;
But time left his mark on my form and my face,
Memory still strong back to past life could trace.

I hoped.

As my bent form older and more helpless grew,
That the bright days of my childhood I could view.

Gone are the days I so gladly saw fly,
And with them the years for which I did sigh;
Time, forward but not backward will ever go,
And I see the years of my youth flow not slow.

In my childhood, my youth, my manhood and age,
And a hope in dying, my heart shall engage.

When the world shall grow dark and fades from my view,
When the last breath escapes me, I feebly drew;
And music of seraphs I hear from afar,
As they the bright portals of Heaven unbar.

I hope.

That the sweet allurements of life so boast
Will guide me as safely to yon world of rest.

Holly Wilde's Master.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

MRS. CLYDE VERRANE was certainly handsome as she swept into the grand old library at Holly Wilde. She had been indisposed since her arrival, the previous night, and this was her first appearance below stairs. Though she came down in costly dinner toilet, and was a woman whose age might have varied from twenty-five to thirty-five, I recognized her instantly as the original of the portrait hanging upon the dining-room wall; an almost child, in riding-habit, and knew that the former mistress of Holly Wilde was she who swept past me with such supreme disregard of my presence. She had scarcely changed. It was the same haughty face and queenly head with its coronal of lustrous, rebellious, dark hair loosely waved away from the creamy-brunette forehead; the same straight, perfect line of brow and intense eyes under a rich fringe of lash; and large, determined mouth and graceful, regal form.

Yes, she certainly was rarely handsome as she sunk among the vivid scarlets of a great velvet chair, her passionless, southern-pale face—very supercilious, slightly wearied—and her exquisite figure, in its perfectly-fitting robe of silvery silk, outlined against its warm coloring. Her jewel-studded hands lay restfully in her lap. A spray of yellow-centered syringas nestled in her hair. Marvels of gold and red coral adorned her ears, gleamed at her throat, and banded her wrist. Altogether, in her magnificence of form, and face, and costume, I thought Mrs. Clyde Verrane about as splendid a picture as ever I had looked upon. Nor did I marvel that old Mrs. Verrane, the present nominal mistress of Holly Wilde, had desired this woman's presence here with firm belief that the result would be the subjugation of the heart and hand of Holly Wilde's master.

Just as I speculated on, as to whether Mrs. Verrane, the younger, knew why she had been sent from Europe, what the madame expected of her, and whether the daughter-in-law was quite willing to work out a fulfillment of the elder lady's wishes, the door opened and Douglas Verrane came into his cousin's presence.

She lifted her eyes slowly, with thrilling intensity, and a look of pleasure swept her creamy face.

"My cousin Douglas, I am sure," she said, as he walked swiftly to her side in his easy, but vigorously manly fashion. And well she might be sure. No one who had ever seen or heard of Holly Wilde's master could mistake his kingly form and carriage and grand beauty.

"Yes, I am Douglas Verrane, certainly, and delighted to welcome the former mistress of Holly Wilde back to its walls. I hope you will not find much change, and will be contented while you remain with us."

"I cannot fail to be that," she said, so calmly that it scarcely seemed a compliment. Mr. Verrane turned to me.

"This is Lucia England, madame's companion and the general overseer of our comforts."

I am afraid I colored a little at his kindly words, for Mrs. Clyde Verrane gave me a long, surprised and insolent stare before she nodded slightly and turned again to her cousin.

"Madame, cousin Douglas, I hope she is well, and— with a slight tinge of bitterness and enmity in her tone—"I suppose it would do no harm to add, that I hope, with years, she has lost some of her old irritableness and domineering spirit."

"Mrs. Clyde Verrane would scarcely hope for anything she did not think eminently proper; but I have never had reason to entertain any thoughts of my aunt that were not thoroughly respectful."

"Thank you for the reproof," with an entrancingly musical little laugh. "You are a cavalier one might worship, in these days, when knightliness is almost a thing of the past; but, really, I am afraid you do not know my mamma-in-law, our aunt, as well as I."

Other visitors came in then. Shortly after a waiter announced dinner and I went to perform my duties at the table, where madame seldom appeared, followed by the master of Holly Wilde with his cousin upon his arm. But my reign was over. I knew that, even before Mr. Verrane whispered, softly:

"Would you mind considering the center seat yours, Lucia, while Mrs. Verrane is with us? It is madame's wish that I should request her to do the honors of the table."

Of course I took the seat assigned me; but, somehow, all through that gay hour—during which all seemed to exert themselves to be brilliantly entertaining, and to outdo one the other in paying homage to the splendid woman who had once ruled in that same dining-room—I could not help wondering if Fate had chosen this woman queen of Good Fortune. For it seemed to me that the woman who should win the sovereignty of Douglas Verrane's heart must indeed be that. I had not seen much of the world, nor of men, but I

knew there were plenty of women who had, that yet would have thought with me that to sit thus opposite Holly Wilde's master, in the sunshine of such possibilities as the future held for Mrs. Clyde Verrane, was to be made blessed.

I did not leave the dining-room with the ladies, but went directly up to madame.

"Well?" she said, questioning, as I went to her side to receive any commands she might have for me. "You have seen my daughter-in-law; what do you think of her?"

"That she is very handsome, madame."

"Aha! I think she cannot have changed much. Is she handsome enough, think you, for Douglas to admire?"

"Quite. Indeed, enough for any man to admire, I should think," I answered, truthfully.

"Well, well, she was an out-and-out Verrane," the old lady said, snapping her black eyes up at me. "Now Douglas has not a family look nor trait, which ought to make them a well-mated couple. Better, even, than were she and her cousin Clyde," and madame's thoughts and eyes wandered to the portrait of her son that hung opposite her couch, and bore a striking resemblance to the cousin who had been his wife. For a few minutes she remained lost in memories; then turned suddenly to me.

"Child, tell Hester to bring Mrs. Clyde to me; and then you may amuse yourself until I want you; but do not go out of the room, for I mean to visit the parlors to-night."

I went away with a book to my favorite recess and rocker. After what must have seemed a tedious time to madame—for I heard her sigh and move about fretfully—the sweep of Mrs. Clyde's dress sounded in the room, followed by her rich, soft tones.

"Ah, madame mere, I trust that I have the felicity of finding you comfortable."

"Quite as comfortable as usual, thank you," the old lady answered, rather stiffly. "And you, it is not necessary to ask whether you have entirely recovered from your indisposition. And you evidently find your return to Holly Wilde agreeable, judging from the tardiness with which you leave its pleasures."

To this irritable speech the younger lady made no reply; and presently madame continued: "And how is the boy, Mrs. Clyde?"

"Very well, thank you, and progressing finely in his studies. He sent his kind regards to his grandmamma, and this," and she placed a miniature in madame's hand.

"A Verrane! a thorough Verrane! the image of you and Clyde, Ida! And now to talk business, for we may as well understand each other distinctly. I suppose you know why I sent for you to come from Germany."

"It would not have been easy to have misunderstood your letter."

"Then you know that you must marry Douglas."

"Perhaps it would be well to put in the proviso—if he will marry me," suggested Mrs. Clyde, calmly.

"You were not wont to suggest the impossibility of your winning a heart," cried madame scornfully. "And was there, it seemed to me so, a taunt in the words? At all events there was no mistaking the ring of defiance in the younger woman's tones, as she answered:

"You will kindly remember, madame, that we are not discussing the past. Anything you have to say in reference to the future I think you will find me ready to listen to attentively. There are but two things in life I hold worth achieving; one of those the welfare of my son."

"And the other," madame said, sardonically, "is revenge on Calvin Chancellery." Her daughter-in-law's eyes lighted up fiercely, but the old lady went on: "Perhaps you have not heard that he died three months ago, and left his wife and little daughter to Douglas' care, and that Douglas goes South next week, to bring them to Holly Wilde," and madame stopped to note the effect of her words on her companion.

Mrs. Clyde's face was set and white, yet she laughed softly.

"I suppose this fact in no small measure influenced your urgent summons to me."

"You are right there, Mrs. Clyde Verrane. Holly Wilde must never pass out of the hands of our family. The Verranes have married each other for generations, and now that, by will, the estate goes to Douglas—instead of Clyde's son—you and he must marry, and the estate revert to your son, as you will take care that it shall do after you are Douglas' wife. I shall only leave him my property, worth far more than the estate itself, upon condition that—while he uses it as he pleases—Holly Wilde shall go to my grandson."

"Very well, madame; I think you will not find me remiss in winning for my boy the position of future master of Holly Wilde. As Douglas has only the estate, with little ready money, I think there will be no danger but that your wealth, added to my own property, will accomplish the succession of Holly Wilde to him who should be its master."

And so I learned how coolly kind, proud, noble Douglas was to be defrauded, if possible, by these two women, of his rightful mastery. If, before, I had entertained no kindly affection for Mrs. Clyde Verrane, I now heartily despised her.

The next morning I was out early, as was my custom, in the park. I felt bitterly conscious that all the old, peaceful, happy days at Holly Wilde were past, therefore I had no reason to expect that Mr. Verrane would meet me, and walk with me in kindly conversation as he often had done. Yet I was disappointed that he did not, and was sensible of pain that I found him loitering on the rose-terrace with his cousin, who—it seems—had also proved an early riser.

"Fasten this rose for me, Douglas," she was saying, as I came up. "Then I must go in to our guests."

How coolly she usurped already a joint reign with him; and how bewitchingly she bowed her head for him to arrange the glossy leaves and white flower in her dusky hair. He complied gracefully with the lady's command, yet I am not sure I was not foolish enough to smile that there was an amused, half scornful, gleam upon his face. As she passed off the terrace he turned to me with a kindly good-morning, asking:

"Have you had a pleasant walk, little woman?"

I stammered out some kind of an affirmative. I could not tell him the truth, that it had been a most miserable one, since he had not shared it; for, inexperienced as I was in the ways of men, my simplicity had not done him the injustice of misunderstanding his kindness to me, no matter what I might have discovered in relation to my own feelings, during the past few hours. He went on:

"I meant to have walked with you. I had a matter of which I wished to speak, but Mrs. Clyde Verrane detained me." Then, as his eye caught the sweep of her white robes, passing along the marble portico, he added, "what do you think of her, Lucia?"

"I am hardly prepared to pass an opinion," I answered.

"Ah! Yes you are," and his blue eyes laughed down into mine. "You dislike her; and that is a bond of sympathy between you and I."

Madame sent for me just then, and I went swiftly away with heart bounding, and fell to wondering what the matter was of which he wished to speak. I knew, later, when he told me of his proposed journey South, of the widow and little girl who were coming to make their home at Holly Wilde, and of the arrangements he wished me to superintend for their comfort.

But the days sped rapidly from sunrises to sunsets, and still Mr. Verrane delayed his journey; at which I marveled. Could it be possible, despite his intimation of dislike for her, that he was fettered by the influence of his fair cousin? Doubtless it was so. He was with her more and more daily; and Mrs. Clyde Verrane, aside from her wealth, culture, grace, and splendid personnel, lacked none of those accomplishments with which women allure men; and he was ardently aesthetic, and had all the fire of young manhood and the Verranes in his blood.

At the end of three weeks he made his adieu to madams, sought me with a kindly farewell clasp of hand, and a tinge of self-reproach in his voice, as he said:

"Lucia, little woman, I fear you have been sadly lonely of late. I had not meant to have deserted you so."

And then he went down to her, on the terrace; and said he was sure he left the honors of Holly Wilde in good hands, and she must command as pleased her most during his absence, and lifted her fingers to his lips, and sprung to the carriage.

It was just two weeks when he brought home Mrs. Chancellery, a dainty, frail, childlike-looking little creature, with sea-shell tinted face, and wavy, glossy hair of brown, drawn plainly away from her Madonna-pure brow, that overshadowed eyes like blue stars of myrtle at the sun-rising; and her child, a little, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, dimpled girl, of four or five years, whom he kissed as he carried her, asleep in his arms, up the steps to a waiting servant.

"Mrs. Chancellery, allow me to present to you Mrs. Clyde Verrane, my cousin and constituted in-law, who was an acquaintance of your husband's."

"How pleasant," said Mrs. Chancellery, acknowledging the introduction with easy cordiality, which only encountered haughty ceremoniousness from Mrs. Clyde Verrane. There was evidently to be no friendliness between these women.

Little Dell was a sweet child. I grow to love her rapidly. Though madame was getting nervous and hard to please, she was always kind to Dell, and the little one was much with me. While over Holly Wilde—as the time since Mrs. Chancellery's arrival came to be marked in weeks—a storm seemed to brood. There were several visitors with us and much gaiety. In it all Mrs. Chancellery and Mrs. Verrane moved with perfect thoroughness; one lovely and winning, the other splendid and fascinating. But, by some instinct, I knew that each day lessened the tarry of one or the other. I was not mistaken. The denouement of the little drama progressing at Holly Wilde was near at hand. One morning I had taken a book, and little Dell, to a pleasant bower in the park, and the child had fallen asleep upon the rustic seat with her head of yellow, dampening curls rested on my lap. Mr. Verrane found us there. He leaned over the arm of twisted wood, to see what I was reading, and to play with Dell's bright rings of hair. And all about us was the dense coolness and quiet. And then the drive of horses' hoofs, coming slowly up the drive, broke in on the stillness, and the two women who were rivals, followed at a distance by grooms, came so near us we might almost have put our hands through the leafage and stayed their course.

Return to Europe? How come you to think so? Mrs. Verrane was asking, with a surprised, cool, incredulous laugh.

I could see flames, like the pink in opals, flicker into Mrs. Chancellery's cheeks.

"Why, I understood you were only here on a visit."

"True, I only came for a visit; but the Fates seem to have ordained that I shall remain. I supposed you knew that I am to become Mr. Douglas Verrane's wife!"

I saw a gleam cross Mrs. Chancellery's myrtle-blue eyes as if a glint of sunshine had fallen there; then the momentary annoyance passed, and a look of intense love, lightened by amusement, transfigured her face.

"It is scarcely strange I did not know it, since Mr. Douglas Verrane is my husband."

Ida Verrane faced about, raising up her horse with a fierce swift motion that chilled me. "How dare you tell me a story so disgraceful!"

Now the sunshine glinted in the blue eyes again; but Mrs. Chancellery answered, calmly: "There is no disgrace in it. Mr. Verrane honored me beyond all meet when he learned to love me ere he had known me a week. When he passionately urged an immediate marriage my heart would not say him nay. But, because I had been so short a time a widow, and must pass the ordeal of coming to a strange house full of gay visitors, I begged him to keep it secret until fall. As he has complied with my wishes solely, I am sure he will be glad I have revealed the fact, to undo it."

Mrs. Verrane's face was horribly white, and, despite her efforts at control, speech seemed wrung from her.

"I loved Calvin Chancellery, and lost him through you! Now you have crossed my path again! I will repay you some time!—some time!" She cut her horse cruelly with her gold-handled whip and went flying up the avenue without seeing the mischief she had accomplished. The lash had stung her rival's animal as well, and its wild plunge unseated the frail rider and threw her forcibly against a tree.

If I had any feelings of my own in those few eventful moments, I forgot them all in my horror as I saw the master of Holly Wilde, with bloodless face, lifting his bruised and senseless wife from the turf and bearing her toward the house. I was there as soon as he; in time to hear his hoarse call to his cousin, as she was passing up the stairway.

"Ida Verrane! you have done this! I am master of Holly Wilde, and I command you to leave it—leave it this hour!"

His wife was not dead, but for months was entirely helpless; and the autumn and winter Mr. Verrane and I passed at her side. With the spring he took her over the ocean, leaving their child in my care.

That was six years ago. Madame has died since, and left me a comfortable income. The remainder of her property she willed to Clyde's boy. Mrs. Verrane, I believe, is in Germany. The mansion is closed, its master wrote me he could not afford to have it kept up in its old-time splendor. I moved, with my little pet, to a villa near, where I could look after the

two men who were employed to keep the estate from falling into utter neglect.

A year ago Mr. Verrane wrote me of the death of his wife, and that in a few months he would return to his child and Holly Wilde. Only this week I heard from him again. The last words of the dear letter were:

"Lucia, you will be glad for me that I have inherited a considerable fortune, and can return to Holly Wilde to restore it to its wonted pleasantness. My daughter will grow up to grace its walls, and her kind foster mother must never leave her; will you not, dear little woman, try to think often of me until I come back, and let your promise to become her mother by right of wifehood to me be the first and greatest welcome home to the master of Holly Wilde?"

Victoria:

OR,
THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

ASKING FOR BREAD AND RECEIVING A STONE.

It is not a very pleasant notion for any lady or gentleman to take it into their heads that they have made fools of themselves, yet Mr. Leicester Cliffe, albeit not given to hold too humble an opinion of himself, had just arrived at that comfortable conclusion, as the cars whirled him back from London to Sussex. Absence, like death, shows persons and things in their proper light, and strips the gilding from granite; and as distance removed the glamour from his eyes, the heir of Cliffe wood had taken to serious reflection and come to a few very decided decisions—*imprimis*, that he had fallen in love with Barbara the first time that he had ever seen her; that he had loved her ever since, that he loved her now, and that he was likely to keep on doing so as long as it was in him to love anybody. Second, that he admired and respected his pretty cousin excessively; that he knew she was a thousand times too pure for such a sinner as he, and that he had never for one instant felt a stronger sentiment for her than admiration.

Thirdly, he was neither more nor less than an unmitigated coward and villain for whom hanging would be too good. But just as he arrived at this consoling conclusion, and was uttering a mental "*Mea culpa!*" he suddenly bethought himself of the wise old saw—"It is never too late to mend!" and Hope once more planted her shining foot on the threshold of his heart. What if now that his eyes were opened, even now at the eleventh hour, he were to draw back, kneel before the lady of his love, and be forgiven. He knew she would forgive; she loved him, and women are so much like spaniels by nature, that the worse they are used the more they will fawn on the abuser. Perhaps she even had not heard it yet, and he could easily find excuses that would satisfy her for his absence and silence. It was true that would leave him in a nice predicament with Miss Shirley—so nice a one that it was like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; but then Miss Shirley did not care a straw about him one way or the other; she married him as a matter of obedience, just as she would have married Mr. Sweet, the lawyer, if papa and grandmamma had insisted upon it. She would not suffer by his leaving her—there were scores of better men ready and willing to take his place, and her name would not be injured by it, for no one knew of their engagement. Not that Mr. Leicester dreamed for one instant of being Quixote enough to avow his sentimental intention. He shrunk in horror at the bare idea of the unheard-of scene that would ensue, and which would probably end by his being shot like a dog by that fire-eating Colonel Cliffe; but he would induce Barbara to elope with him; he would marry her probably in London, and then with his bride would set sail for America, or Australia, or some other howling wilderness, and live happy forever after. And having settled the whole matter to his infinite satisfaction, he leaned back in his seat, opened the *Times*, and was borne swiftly on, not to Victoria's but to Barbara's feet.

And while the grimy engine was tearing over the level track, vomiting clouds of black smoke, and groaning with the commotion in its iron bowels, the said Barbara, all unconscious of her good fortune, was very differently employed, in nothing less than in dressing for her bridal. A splendid morning of sunshine and summer breezes had followed the gloomy night, and Mr. Sweet had risen with the lark; nay, fully two hours before that early bird had woken from his morning nap, and had busily proceeded to make all the final arrangements for his marriage. Before sitting down to his eight o'clock breakfast, of which he found he could not swallow a morsel, for matrimony takes away the appetite as effectually as sea-sickness, he had dispatched the meek little housekeeper down to Tower Cliffe with sundry bundles and boxbaskets, wherein the bride was to be arrayed, and it was with a troubled spirit Mr. Sweet had seen her depart. For half an hour he paced up and down in a perfect agony of feverish impatience, and still the burden of his thoughts was, what if after all, at the last moment, the willful, wayward Barbara should draw back. No one could ever count on that impulsive and headstrong young lady more than two minutes at a time, and just as likely as not, when he arrived at the cottage, he would find her locked in her room and refusing all entreaties to come out; or she might come out with a vengeance, and with two or three sharp sentences knock all his beautiful plans remorselessly out of the head. So the lawyer paced up and down with a more anxious heart than any other happy bridegroom ever had on his bridal morning, and certainly none ever had a more exasperating bride. And in the middle of a dismal train of reflections about finding himself dished, the clock struck nine, a cab drove up to the door, and he jumped in and was driven through the town and down to Tower Cliffe. Radiant as Mr. Sweet always was, he had never been seen so intensely radiant as on this particular morning, in a bran new suit of lawyer-like black, a brilliant canary-colored waistcoat, ditto stock, and ditto gloves, and natively stuck in his button-hole appeared a bouquet of the yellowest possible primroses. But his sallow face was pale with excitement, and his eyes gleamed with feverish eagerness as he entered the cottage, from which he could not tell whether or no he was to bear away a bride.

But he might have spared his fears, for it was all right. The cottage looked neat for once, for the little housekeeper had put it to rights; and Mr. Black and Judith were arrayed in their best, and neither was smoking, and in the middle of the floor was Barbara—the bride. Barbara was not looking her best, as brides should always make it a point of conscience to do; for her face and lips were a great deal too colorless, her eyes, surrounded by dark circles, telling of sleepless nights and woful days, looked too large and hollow, and solemn; but stately and majestic she must always look and she

looked it now—looked as a dethroned and imprisoned queen might do at her jailers. She was to be married in her traveling-dress, as they started immediately after the ceremony for London; and Mr. Sweet countermanded the order for the wedding breakfast, on finding there would be nobody but himself to eat it, and the dress was of silver-gray barege, relieved with knots and bows of mauve ribbon, a pretty mantle of silk and lace, and a straw bonnet, trimmed also with mauve and silver-gray. The toilet was simple but elegant, and if Barbara did not look one half so brilliant and beautiful in it, as she had done a fortnight before in her plain, crimson merino, it was her fault, and not Madame Modiste's. The housekeeper was just fastening the last little kid glove, and Barbara lifted her eyes from the floor on which they had been bent, and looked at him out of their solemn dark depths as he entered.

"Are you quite ready?" he nervously asked.

"Quite ready sir," answered the housekeeper, who was to accompany them to church.

"The carriage is at the door. Come, Barbara."

She would not see his proffered arm, yet she followed him quietly and without a word, and let him hand her into the carriage. The little housekeeper came next, and then Mr. Black, who had enjoyed the unusual blessings of shaving and hair-cutting, stumbled up the steps, looking particularly sulky and uncomfortable in his new clothes; and then Mr. Sweet jumped in, too, and gave the order to drive to the cathedral. It was a weird wedding-party, without bridesmaids or blessings, or flowers or frippery; and on the way not one word was spoken by any of the party. Barbara, at like a cold, white statue, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, her eyes fixed on the floor, her thoughts—where? Mr. Sweet's heart was beating in feverish and impatient throbs, and his breath came quick, and on his sallow cheeks were two burning spots; in his serene eyes shone a strange fire, and his yellow-gloved hands trembled so that he had to grasp the window to keep them from seeing it. The little housekeeper looked frightened and awe-struck; and Mr. Black, with his hands stuck very deep in his coat pockets, was scowling desperately on them all by turns.

Fifteen minutes' fast driving brought the grim bridal-party to the cathedral, where a curious crowd was collected; some come to attend morning service which was then going on, and others brought there by the rumors of the marriage. The lawyer drew his bride's arm firmly within his own, and led her in while the two others followed, while more than one audible comment on the strange looks of Barbara reached his ears as he passed. The cathedral was half filled, and the organ poured forth grand swelling notes as they walked up the aisle. Behind the rails, in stole and surplice, and book in hand stood one of the curates; bride and bridegroom placed themselves before him, and the bridegroom could hear nothing, not even the music, for the loud beating of his heart. Everybody held their breath, and leaned forward to look, and:

"Who gives this woman to be married to this man?" demanded the curate, looking curiously at the strange bride. And Mr. Black stepped forward and gave her, and then:

"Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" demanded the curate again.

And Mr. Sweet said, "I will!" in a voice that was husky and shook; and the bride said, "I will," too, clearly, distinctly, unflatteringly. And then the ring was on her finger, and they joined hands, and the curate pronounced them man and wife.

The organ that had been silent for a moment, as if it, too, had stopped to listen, now broke out into an exultant strain, and the voices of the choristers made the domed roof ring. The names of the married pair were inserted in the register, and Mr. Sweet took his wife's arm—his wife's this time—to lead her down the aisle. The dark eyes were looking straight before her, with a fixed, fierce, yet calm intensity, and as they neared the door they fell on something she had hardly bargained for. Leaning against a pillar, pale and haughty, stood Leicester Cliffe, who had arrived just in time to witness the charming sight, and whose blue eyes met those of the bride with a powerful look. The happy bridegroom saw him at the same instant, and the two burning spots deepened on his cheek bones, and the fire in his eyes took a defiant and triumphant sparkle. There had been a galvanic start on the part of the bride; but he held her arm, tightly, and Mr. Sweet, with a smile on his lip, bowed low to him as he passed, and Barbara's sweeping skirts brushed him, and then they were gone, shut up in the carriage, and driving away rapidly to catch the next London train.

Leicester Cliffe turned slowly from the cathedral, mounted his horse, and rode to Cliffe wood. There he had his dusty traveling-dress to change, his breakfast to take, and a great deal to hear from Sir Roland, who was full of news, and whose first question was, if he knew that his old flame, pretty little Barbara, had married that oily fellow, Sweet. Then, as in duty bound, he had to ride to his lady-love, and report the successful accomplishment of all his trusts and charges, and spend with a gay party there the remainder of the day. It was on that eventful day the engagement was publicly and formally announced, and all the kissing and congratulating Vivian had dreaded so much, was gone through with, to her great discomposure; and she was glad when evening came to leave the talking crowd, and wander under the trees alone with her thoughts. It was a lovely night, moonlit and starlit, and she was leaning against a tree, looking wistfully up at the far-off sky, thinking of the wedding that had taken place that day, and the other so soon to follow, when the sound of a horse galloping furiously up the avenue made her look round and behold Tom Shirley dashing along like a madman. He had been spending the day at Lisleham with Lord Henry; and Vivian as she watched him flying along so fiercely, began to think the wine at dinner had been a little too strong.

"Why, Tom!" was her cry; "have you gone crazy?"

Tom had not seen her, but at the sound of her voice he checked his horse so sharply and suddenly that the steed came down on his haunches and pawed the air animatedly with his two fore legs.

The next moment his rider had jumped recklessly to the ground, leaving him to find his way to the stables himself, and was standing beside Vivian, very red in the face, and very excited in the eyes, holding both her hands in a fierce clasp.

"Vic! Vic! it's not true! it can't be true! I don't believe a word of it!" began the young man with the utmost incoherence. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, that it's all a lie."

"The wine was certainly dreadfully strong," thought Vic, looking at him in terror, and trying to free her hands. But Tom only held them the tighter, and broke out again, more hotly, and wildly, and vehemently, than before:

"You shall not go, Vic! you shall never

leave me again until you have heard all. Tell me, I say, that it is not true."

"What is not true? Oh, I don't know what you're talking about, cousin Tom!" said Vivian, looking round her in distress.

In spite of his momentary craziness, Tom saw her pale face and terrified eyes, and became aware that he was crushing the little hands as if they were in thumb-screws, and relaxed his bear-like grip contritely.

"I am a brute!" said Tom, in a burst of penitence hardly less vehement than his former tone. "Poor little hands! I didn't mean to hurt them; but you know, Vic, what a fellow I am, and that infernal story they told me has nearly driven me crazy. I am a savage, I know, and what must you think of me, Vic?"

Vic laughed, but yet with a rather pale cheek.

"That Lord Lisle's port is rather strong, and you have been imbibing more than is good for you, cousin Tom."

"Oh, she thinks I am drunk!" said Tom, with another burst, this time with indignation; "but allow me to tell you, Miss Shirley, I haven't dined at all! Fort, indeed! Faith it was more than wine that has got into my head to-night."

There was a cadence so bitter in his tone that Vic opened her pretty blue eyes very wide, and looked at him in astonishment. Cousin Vic was very fond of cousin Tom; and she never felt inclined to run away from him, as she invariably did from cousin Leicester.

"Something has gone wrong, cousin Tom, and you are excited. Come, sit down here, and tell me what it is."

There was a rustic bench under the waving chestnuts. Vic sat down, spread out her rosy skirts, and made room for him beside her; but Tom would not be tempted to sit down at any price, and burst out again:

"It is just this, Vic! They told me you were going to be married!"

The bright eyes dropped, and the pale cheeks took the tint of the reddest rose ever seen.

"I know it is not true! It can't be true!" She did not answer.

"Speak!" exclaimed Tom, almost fiercely; "speak and tell me it is not true!"

"I cannot!" very faintly.

"My God!" he said; "you can never mean to say it is true!"

She arose suddenly, and looked at him, a cold terror chilling her heart.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Vic, is it true?"

"It is!"

"You are going to be married to Leicester Cliffe?"

"I am!"

The rosy light had left her cheeks, for there was something in his face that no one had ever seen in Tom Shirley's face before.

"Do you love him?"

"Tom, what are you thinking of, to ask such a question?"

"Answer it!" he said, savagely.

"I will love him!" said Vivian, firmly, and Tom broke out into a bitter jeering laugh.

"Which means you will marry him now because he is an excellent parti, and papa and grandmamma, and uncle Roland, wish it, and trust to the love to come afterward! Vic Shirley, you are a miserable, heartless coquette, and I despise you!"

She was leaning against a tree, clinging to it for support; her whole face perfectly colorless, but the blue eyes quailed not beneath his own.

"You!"—he went on, in passionate scorn, and with flaming eyes—"you, the spotless, immaculate Victoria Shirley! You who set up for an angel, and made common mortals feel unworthy to touch the hem of your garment! You the angel on earth! A wretched, cold-blooded, perfidious girl! Oh, Lucifer! star of the morning, how thou art fallen!"

"Tom, what have I ever done to you to make you talk like this?"

"Oh, nothing! Only sold yourself body and soul—a mere trifle not worth speaking of."

She gave him a look full of sorrow and reproach, and turned with quiet dignity to go away.

"Stay!" he half shouted, "and tell me for what end you have been fooling me all these months?"

"I do not understand."

"Poor child! His little head never was made to untangle such knotty problems. Will you understand if I ask you why you've led me on, like a blind fool, to love you?"

"Tom?"

"You never thought of it before, of course; but you have done it, and I love you. And now, before you stir a step, you shall tell me whether or not it is returned."

"I do love you, Tom—I always have—as dearly as if you were my brother."

"I'm exceedingly obliged to you; but, as it happens, I don't want your brotherly love, and I shall take the first opportunity of sending a bullet through Mr. Leicester Cliffe's head. I have the honor, Miss Shirley, to bid you good night."

"Tom, stay! Tom, for God's sake—"

And here the voice broke down, and covering her face with both hands, she burst into a hysterical passion of weeping. Tom turned, and the great griefed giant heart, so fiery in its wrath, melted like a boy's at sight of her tears. He could have cried himself, but for shame, as he flung himself down on the bench with a sobbing groan.

"Oh, Vic! how could you do it? How could you treat me so?"

She came over, and kneeling beside him, put one arm around his neck, as if, indeed, he had been the dear brother she thought him.

"Oh, Tom, I never meant it—I never meant it!"

"And you will marry Leicester?"

"You know I must, Tom; but you will be my dear brother always."

He turned away and dropped his head on his arm.

"You know it is my duty, Tom. And, oh, you must not think such dreadful things of me any more! If you do, I shall die!"

"Go!" he said, lifting his head for a moment and then dropping it again. "Go and leave me! I know, Vic, you are an angel, and I—I am nothing but a miserable fool!"

And with the words the boy's heart went out from Tom Shirley, and never came back any more.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

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which, owing to crowded condition of our columns, we cannot give in the paper—we have just published it complete in a

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TO A WITHERED DAISY.

BY MARY E. SADLER.

My daisy—my daisy—oh, honey wee gem!
My wounds are all bleeding anew,
As unclasping my Bible you drop from your stem,
And her grave opens up to my view.

Let me hide you away as the form you once decked
Has been hid 'neath the dew and the frost,
For my idol was clay—and one day-dream was wrecked
When my heart's sweetest daisy was lost.

But if when my head has grown hoary with age
I am callous to other folks' pain,
Let me open by chance at this hallowed page,
Then my young grief will well up again.

Those shining eyes of heavenly blue
Yield to a dread eclipse,
I bend and meekly, wildly sue
To kiss her sacred lips.

The token of a mother's woe
Sealed by that icy kiss,
Must all my prayers and strivings go
For this—for this—for this?

Just once her infant lips did frame
The sacred name of mother,
And dying left me thus baptized
Apart from every other.

Was it to know me when we meet
Beyond the starry sky,
To stamp that name on memory sweet:
Why did she speak it—why?

Sometimes I fear the grave will hold
Her ever from my sight,
And ever and anon I raise
A silent prayer for light.

Is there a land of pure delight
Beyond death's narrow sea?
And shall I know my darling
Clothed in immortality?

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And will she call me mother there?
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leaving far behind the "decoy" she had left to deceive the British cruisers, which were gradually drawing toward a common center to hem in the American vessel that they were so anxious to make a prize.

In the mean time a change had come over the Flying Yankee, for no longer was she covered with sail, but under close-reefed canvas, was hastening on toward the point of land, which, though not visible, was known to be but a few miles away.

Upon the clipper's decks all was a scene of suppressed excitement, for well each one knew their fate hung by a slender thread, and that capture, perhaps certain death, stared them in the face.

Added to their anxiety was a certain awe at the mysterious coming of the Flying Yankee, for, until she had hailed them they suspected not her existence in their immediate neighborhood, and while the captain and his passengers felt a desire to know more of the strange visitor, and were willing to laugh at the idea of a supernatural agency controlling the schooner, yet they could not banish from their thoughts a slight tinge of superstition, which they all knew fully possessed the uneducated seamen, who were decidedly unnerved by the presence of the spectral-looking craft, that glided along so swiftly ahead of their own vessel.

Glancing astern, as the ship bowed merrily along, Captain Davenport was delighted to observe, by the lights of the approaching cruisers, that they were drawing toward the spot where the lifeboat had been left, with an anchor attached to a heavy cable thrown over to hold it steady, evidently believing the lights to be on the schooner, which was lying-to to await their coming.

"They are fooled nicely, and will be as mad as a nest of hornets, when they arrive at the decoy and find out their mistake," said the captain, speaking aloud the thoughts that were in every mind.

"Yes, it has fooled them, captain, and why should it not, for the devil would lead a saint astray," put in the mate, in a disconsolate tone, for he fully believed that the helm of the schooner was guided by his Satanic majesty.

"Conover, you are a fool."

"Yes, Captain Davenport," meekly responded the mate.

"Yes, for do you not see that the schooner is run by mortal hands?"

"No, I do not see anything of the kind; we saw that craft to day, and then lost sight of her, I hoped forever; but here, in the midst of this storm she suddenly comes upon us, and lo! she obeys her orders, for it is not in the power of man to resist the commands of her skipper."

"Skipper! Who, in the devil's name, do you believe him to be?" almost angrily asked the captain.

"You have named him, sir; yonder schooner is commanded by the evil one. Laugh if you will, but did you not see she was crowded with canvas when she first came upon us, and when we again looked, she was under bare poles almost; and yet flies away from the Sea-Slipper like a bird from a hound."

"And see, yonder she goes, rushing right down upon a lee shore, and the night as dark as a nigger's face, and here we go right on in her wake like—"

"Why, Mr. Conover, you seem to be very superstitious. Do you not know the Flying Yankee has proven the friend of Americans?"

"The sweetly modulated voice of Eve Eldred."

"Yes, Miss, the devil is a friend to all sinners."

"You are inclined to be complimentary, Mr. Conover; but, as your brain is working too hard, I must counteract it by giving you work for your hands, so go forward and shake a reef out of the sails now set, for do you not see our pilot is dropping us rapidly astern?" and the captain spoke sternly, and in a manner that gave the mate to understand he desired no more croaking.

"Ha! they are letting out the secret on yonder old liner, for see, there go her signals to tell their comrades the bird has flown," exclaimed Captain Davenport, a moment after, as he saw a bright rocket soar heavenward from the deck of the frigate, that had approached near enough to the decoy to observe the deception practiced.

"Yes, and I believe we will escape through the agency of our mysterious pilot—bark!" and, as Colonel Moncrief spoke, above the roar of the storm resounded a strange crashing, pealing, moaning sound, commingled, while from the foremast rung the startling cry, "Breakers off the port bow!"

"My God, have we followed to our ruin?" exclaimed the captain, springing to the wheel.

"Breakers off the starboard bow!"

"Where! Where is the schooner?"

"We are lost! Oh, Heaven have mercy!"

The cries of fright, of despair, were heard fore and aft the ship, for superstition held control over the minds of the brave seamen, who now doubted not but that they had been following a phantom ship with a phantom crew, and in dismay the captain knew not what course to pursue, when, suddenly, a lurid light burst forth like a meteor, dead ahead of the ship, and but a few cable-lengths distant, and the beautiful schooner, spectral in grace and appearance, was revealed, gliding along into a narrow gorge or inlet of the land, while upon either side towered wooded heights, whose base was washed by the mad waters that broke upon them and rebounded with terrific force and a wild roar.

"Behold! the Flying Yankee is still our friend; she leads the way!" cried Colonel Moncrief, with glad surprise, and every heart aboard the Sea-Slipper bounded with glad surprise, for they could see they were being led into a haven of safety, though it was through a most dangerous channel.

Still burning the lurid light on the schooner, shedding a bright glare over the waters through which the Sea-Slipper had yet to come, while the hull and rigging of the strange vessel appeared enveloped in the same misty cloud that seemed to hang around her in all her ocean wanderings.

Upon the decks of the Flying Yankee could be seen a hundred white-clad forms, with the mask of crimson, looking most weird-like and ghastly in the peculiar glare and the shadows of the overhanging bluffs; but undaunted, the brave commander of the Sea-Slipper stood on, with a perfect confidence in his guide, until his own vessel was overhung by the wooded banks of the inlet, which was hardly more than a hundred yards wide.

A few moments more of slow but steady sailing, and suddenly the high cliffs sloped away to a sandy beach, the channel rapidly widened, and again the Sea-Slipper was in the open waters, for she had been guided through an inlet that broke, river-like, across the narrow point of land which jutted from the main far out into the Gulf.

Hardly had the Sea-Slipper gained an offing from the inlet, when, with a blaze of blinding brilliancy, that lit up earth, sea and sky, there came a sudden midnight gloom, and when the

strained eyes of the clipper's crew regained their accustomed sight, the Flying Yankee had disappeared.

But she had guided the ship to safety, had saved those on board of her from capture, perhaps death, and with thankful hearts the crew sprung to work, and soon the gallant barque was heading Gulfward, leaving far behind her the disappointed British cruisers, and the mysterious schooner that had been their savior.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE FOR THE PRIZE.

THAT all on board the Sea-Slipper were impressed by their mysterious deliverance from the English cruisers, was certain, and a thorough feeling of superstition had taken possession of the crew, for in no way could they reason themselves into the belief that the Flying Yankee was a mortal craft.

suming the combat with greater earnestness, as if to avenge the loss of the brig, while, doubtless with the same motive for vengeance, the English man-of-war once more directed her guns upon her foe, and again the flashes of the broadsides illumined the sea, while those on board the Sea-Slipper gazed on with far differing feelings, for those rescued from the Englishman hoped success would light on their flag, and those that had formed the crew and passengers of the merchantman, as well as the survivors from the brig, prayed for the stars and stripes to conquer.

Thus, one and all beheld the grand but terrible sight, and awaited with stilled hearts the issue, that would bring joy or despair to either English or Americans.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

Tiger Dick:

OR,

THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED.

It was a sad spectacle that met the ruffian, McFarland's, eye; one that should have moved his heart to pity, but it did not. With his head on a knoll of turf and his pale, emaciated face half covered by his hat, lay Fred, in the sleep of exhaustion. His breathing was heavy and unnatural. Ever and anon he started, and a look of pain or terror crossed his face. Then he would half spring up, clutching with his hands and giving utterance to some half-articulate exclamation. A piteous scene, surely; but McFarland had sold his services for money, and he would not now be diverted from the accomplishment of his work.

"Shall we prod him as he sleeps?" he asked of his companion in crime, shrinking with a superstitious dread from such a deed.

"Sure, what difference will it make w' him. I dunno," asked O'Toole.

"Stick him yourself," said McFarland, step ping aside.

As he did so, he tripped on a twig, and the snapping sound awoke the sleeper. Like a startled stag he leaped to his feet; then stood a moment in bewilderment. His sudden movement startled the would-be-murderers, and they leaped back. The next instant Fred broke and ran with all his might.

"After him, or he'll git away!" cried McFarland.

"Howly Mosses! Shoot the devil!" yelled O'Toole.

McFarland acted upon the suggestion and fired. Fred swerved from his course, clutched at a tree, and then turned at bay. In an instant his pistol covered O'Toole, who was aiming at him. There was a double report.

"Oh, swate Virgin, I'm shot!" yelled O'Toole, sinking to the ground, his face livid with cowardly fear.

McFarland leaped behind a tree, showing the craven in his trembling knees and chattering teeth.

But his fears were groundless. Fred Powell staggered a step forward, and then fell upon his face.

"Murderer the devil, he's give me me lashe sickness," moaned O'Toole, in a fainting voice.

McFarland drew his knife, and leaped upon the prostrate Fred. But it was needless. He lay upon his side, with his head resting on his arm as in slumber. But the eyes were glazed that looked from the half-closed lids, and his blood dyed the green sward red with its crimson tide.

Branded as a felon; outlawed, with a price on his head; hunted to earth like a wild beast; at last falling beneath the murderous hand of his foes; what more could the vengeance of Cecil Beaumont have craved?

PART III. WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW HAND IN THE GAME.

THEY were a sad household at Mr. Powell's the morning following Fred's peril and escape. The banker had been brought home insensible, and now lay in a state of torture, mental and physical. In her darkened room May, having given way to a paroxysm of wild grief, now lay in a lethargy of despair and exhaustion.

Charley Brewster called early to see if he could be of any service to the stricken house hold. He sent a bouquet of flowers to May's room, and then went to her father.

Mr. Powell listened to the story of his son's rescue with tears in his eyes.

"God bless the noble girl!" he said. "She deserves a happier fate."

Then Charley went to the inquest, which was appointed at nine.

Nothing is so remarkable as the usual scant loss of life in a Western "free fight," where revolvers and bowie-knives are in every man's hand. Of all engaged in the *melee* at Dead Man's Bluff only one was fatally wounded, and he an honest laboring man who stood in the outskirts of the crowd, taking no active part in the fray. As is usually the case, he left a large family, made destitute, by his death, of all means of support. Some two or three scores bore off remembrances of their participation, ranging from a black eye to a nose bitten off, and from a prod with a bowie-knife to a bullet-shattered shoulder. But they philosophically regarded it as all in a lifetime, and patiently nursed their hurts for another set-to. Half a dozen of the ringleaders were arrested and lodged in jail, and the rest went about their usual vocations.

That afternoon Cecil Beaumont was buried; a reward for the apprehension of Frederick Powell was posted all over the country; the newspapers gave a highly-wrought account of the affair, with sensational headlines in which "the lovely and accomplished Miss Goldthorp" was spoken of as a Joan of Arc; the newsboys bawled excitedly and honest people read calmly, and the world jogged on very much as before, for those not immediately interested.

The injury to policeman Croghan proving only slight, Tiger Dick was left off with a trifling fine. That evening a note was placed in his hand. He read it; looked puzzled; re-read it, and burst into a prolonged guffaw.

"Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! Oh, he'll do to travel, he will!"

Then he read the letter again, carefully noting the plan of action sketched out.

"Ha! ha! ha! A game is never done until the last hand is played. By Jove! this is the nicest lay yet. I thought they had the dead-wood on us, when I saw the coroner sitting on that carcass; but the Prince is like Samson—his death was the ten-strike of his worthless life. He! he! he! We've got 'em, body and breeches, this time, and no mistake."

Then he touched a bell, and sent for Shadow Jim and the rest of his crew, and was in counsel with them for a long time.

Several days now passed, without any incident worthy of note. Florence recovered so as not to be confined to her bed; but she went about the house sad-eyed and dejected. As for May, she seemed brokenhearted, and lay upon her pillow as wan as a broken lily. Mr. Powell managed to drag himself to his place of business, and with the help of Mr. Carrington finally got things in running order again. Then he went home utterly prostrated. All the time Charley Brewster was of invaluable service, and smoothed over many a rough spot by his thoughtfulness and consideration.

One evening a stranger came to town, and having secured lodgings in an unpretentious quarter, began to lounge about like a man who had nothing particularly on his hands. He gave direction to the conversation in an aimless way, here and there asking a question. As he was a good listener, he picked up quite a deal of information about all the parties concerned in the late stirring events.

He went to "The Jungle," and while risking small sums in the game, watched the Tiger furtively. Tiger Dick noticed that he was a stranger; but seeing nothing unusual about him, gave him no further thought.

He then made the acquaintance of Mrs. McPherson, and representing himself as an old friend of Mr. Beaumont, drew from that unsuspecting lady all that she knew about her deceased boarder. Mrs. McPherson was very partisan; and as he seemed such a pleasant-spoken gentleman, and so warmly interested in everything that concerned Cecil, she confided to him the (from her point of view) heartless treatment Cecil had received at the hands of Florence Goldthorp; his distress of mind, as indicated by his ravings; his murder by her lover, his rival; her attempt to secure Fred from arrest; her rescue of him from the mob; and finally her connivance at his escape, to which act the wealth and position of her uncle gave immunity.

From Mrs. McPherson the unknown went to Florence's uncle. That gentleman was annoyed beyond expression at the public scandal in which his niece had involved herself. He at first refused point-blank to permit an interview, but when assured that it would involve no further publicity, and that her knowledge might materially aid the ends of justice, he finally yielded.

Having possessed himself of all that Florence knew and suspected in the matter, he next addressed himself to Charley Brewster. They soon arrived at a perfect understanding. There was a look of satisfaction, blended with sorrow, on Charley's face, as the interview drew to a close.

"At least we can remove the stigma from his name. I never believed him guilty. If he had only stayed his hand in that fatal encounter, how happily all would have resulted! And to think that his life should be wrecked by such a villain! The death of Cecil Beaumont is but a poor atonement for the mischief he wrought. But may I tell his father! It will be a relief to him to know that his son is not the knave he thinks him."

"Not yet," objected the unknown. "There are others to be looked after. It will be time enough to tell when my plans are fully matured."

"But Miss Goldthorp—your objections do not extend to her? She never believed him guilty."

"Wait until to-morrow. I have little doubt but that I am on the right track, but I must see with my own eyes. You say that he is not mutilated beyond recognition?"

"No. Any one who knew Cecil Beaumont would recognize the corpse, though the features are terribly mangled. I cannot see how Fred could have the heart to treat him so, after he was dead. He must have been insane."

"There are few men who could stand under the wrong that was heaped upon him without relishing a taste of revenge. Knowing oneself innocent, it would be hard to be made an outcast, while the real villain was treated as a saint. But this Billy Sanderson—I must shadow him. From what you tell me, I more than suspect he has had some kind of a hand in this matter. I have had a great deal of experience with criminals, and it strikes me that there is an understanding between him and Tiger Dick. He didn't get Mr. Powell intoxicated on those two particular occasions for nothing."

"By Jove!" cried Brewster, with a sudden thought, "it was between Beaumont and Sanderson that Mr. Powell, senior, was led to think that Fred was sunk to the depths of dissipation. Can there have been a concerted plot between Beaumont, Sanderson and Tiger Dick?"

"I can't tell yet. If he is the man I believe him to be, he is equal to it. He would stop at nothing, and would prove himself fertile in resource, to effect his ends."

That evening the stranger, who passed by the name of Mr. Draper, of New York, made the acquaintance of Billy Sanderson. He proved himself a "jolly dog," and "cottoned" to the "decoy duck" from the first. They soon grew confidential over their wine, and Mr. Draper swore that he had never met a man so after his own heart as Mr. Sanderson. Billy, with his blood aglow with the liquor he had drank, stretched his hand across the table, and said:

"Put it there, pard. You're just my cut to a T."

Mr. Draper grasped the hand of his new acquaintance, and they swore eternal friendship on the spot. The New York "sharp" then told of his exploits in the great metropolis. Judging from his talk, he had been up to a little devilment of every sort. Not to be behind him, Billy told all the "dodges" that had exercised his peculiar genius, and more too, eking out fact with fiction. His employment as a "decoy duck" by Tiger Dick was too notable an event in his career to be omitted, and chief among his exploits in this character was the drugging of Fred Powell's wine, and inducing him to enter Tiger Dick's den. Billy had just sense enough to say nothing about the key, seeing that that event was so recent, and so much had flowed from it.

At twelve, Mr. Draper took a reluctant leave of Mr. Sanderson, and went to meet Charley Brewster, the chief of police and detective Smith, according to previous appointment. They went directly to the cemetery, where two men were soon at work disinterring the body of Cecil Beaumont.

Without taking the coffin from the grave, the lid was removed and a dark lantern turned upon the face of the dead. As Charley had said, Cecil Beaumont was plainly recognizable, despite the mutilation of the features.

When Mr. Draper first looked upon the dead he gave a violent start and turned pale. Then he took the lantern in his own hand, and stooping down, lifted the hair from the left temple with trembling fingers. Among the roots a scar was discernible.

"Great Heaven! it is he!" he exclaimed; and then checking himself, got up out of the grave and intimated that he was satisfied.

There was a strange look upon his face,

which Charley Brewster conceived to be a blending of regret, bewilderment and uncertainty, though what could give rise to these emotions he could not imagine.

Mr. Draper rode back to the city in perfect silence. What was the nature of his thoughts Charley could not divine. His face was perfectly impassible. When they parted, he took Charley's hand and said:

"Mr. Brewster, you may rest assured of these facts. On the two occasions when Mr. Powell was intoxicated, it was under the influence of drugs. He gambled when his brain was on fire with this influence, and only then. I am morally certain, although the absolute proof is not yet at my command, that he did not commit the forgery alleged against him, nor had he anything to do with the robbery of the bank. Miss Goldthorp has proved herself a woman of good sense. You may repeat to her what I have just told you as soon as you like. Only enjoin upon her the importance of perfect secrecy in the matter for the present. I allow you to tell her, for the satisfaction it may be to her to know that she is not alone in her confidence in Mr. Powell."

"And you believe that this is all a plot of Cecil Beaumont's?"

"Here's the way it looks to me: Billy Sanderson confesses himself to be acting in the capacity of 'decoy duck' for Tiger Dick. He drags Mr. Powell, and induces him to gamble at Tiger Dick's table. A lucky accident sends Mr. Powell senior to Beaumont. He takes advantage of it to blast the character of the son. On the evening of the robbery, Sanderson again drags Mr. Powell. What would be easier than to steal his key? Then, when the father is wavering, the forgery is brought up on the carpet, and clinches all."

"Mr. Draper, your solution is the correct one—I'll wager my life on it!"

"Well, good-by. I'm going to look for Frederick Powell, and get his story."

"But if you find him, will it not be your duty to give him up, for the murder of Cecil?" asked Brewster, with sudden pallor.

The look of perplexity returned to Mr. Draper's face.

"Leave me to take care of that," he said.

"By the way, where did Miss Goldthorp take leave of Mr. Powell on the night of his escape?"

"At a place called Griggs' Hollow, eight or ten miles up the river, in a bridge path leading off the road."

"Thank you. And now, good-by."

CHAPTER II.

A SNARE.

IT was with a strange blending of pleasure and pain that Charley Brewster went to see Florence Goldthorp on the morning following the disinterment of Cecil Beaumont. He found her in excitement over her interview with Mr. Draper. She felt an undefined expectancy; of what, she scarcely knew.

"Oh, Mr. Brewster," she said, eagerly, "you have seen Mr. Draper. What is the result? What has he accomplished?"

"I am not wholly recovered into his confidence yet; but I infer that Cecil Beaumont has been guilty of some great crime, at some time in his past life, and that Mr. Draper is a detective in pursuit of him and some other person or persons."

"And if he proves to be a villain, it will be favorable to Frederick!" cried Florence, with clasped hands.

"Yes. Mr. Draper is already satisfied of the existence of a conspiracy against Frederick between Cecil, Tiger Dick and Sanderson."

"Did he say so?" asked Florence, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And what evidence has he?"

"He gained Billy's confidence, got him intoxicated, and drew from him the fact that he had drugged Frederick's wine—"

"Drugged it? Oh, I knew it! Dear Fred! I knew that he was not the dissipated wretch they tried to prove him."

"It was at the instigation of Tiger Dick, and getting him to gamble was part of the plot."

"Oh, the villains! And of course Tiger Dick was only the tool of Cecil Beaumont, the arch-hypocrite! He could have no interest of his own in ruining Fred."

"Mr. Draper is of opinion that Fred's key was stolen from him by Sanderson, and thus came into the hands of Tiger Dick."

"Oh, how blind they were not to see it! And yet—" with a sudden spasm of pain—"Mr. Carrington said when asked for his key, Fred at first grew violent and resorted to equivocation, and then said that he had lost it. Why did he not say so at the beginning?"

"May he not have learned the suspicion resting against some one; and having lost his keys, at first have been afraid to acknowledge it?"

"It must be that. But what a fatal mistake! Poor Fred! he was surrounded on every side. But the forgery—did he gain any further light on that?"

"Only as far as we got—the absence of motive, and the probability of its being a part of the existing plot."

"Oh, we should have cleared him completely. Why was he fated to commit that one dreadful act?"

She buried her face in her hands and wept afresh.

"It was done in the heat of passion; and the attendant circumstances will so far extenuate the case, that I do not believe that a jury can be impelled to find that will make it a case of the first degree."

"But he must never be taken. It was but a just punishment for Cecil Beaumont's crimes. And Frederick would die in prison."

An angry flash mingled with her grief. Suddenly a thought lighted her face with something like hope.

"Mr. Brewster," she said, "they were fighting; might not Fred have killed him in self-defense?"

"It would be hard to satisfy a jury of it," Charley replied, thinking of the mutilation of the corpse, which would go against Fred.

Then telling her of the movements of Mr. Draper in search of Fred, Charley took his departure, leaving her weeping over the cruel fate that had defeated all their efforts by staining the hands of her lover with blood.

On the following day, as the sun was slowly passing down the western sky, Florence went out for her usual afternoon ride. She had neared the spot where she had last seen Fred, previous to his rescue from the mob, when she was met by a man who had the appearance of a farm-hand.

"Beg pardon, ma'am; but be you Miss Goldthorp?" he asked, awkwardly.

"That is my name," replied Florence, looking at him curiously.

The fellow fumbled in his blouse, glanced around as if to assure himself that they were unobserved, and then produced a letter.

"This was g'n me to hand to you, ma'am," he said, extending it toward her.

Florence took the letter and changed color, the moment she glanced at the superscription.

"Who gave this to you?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Dunno his name. Never see'd him afore. He g'n me a dollar, an' made me promise to g'n' you the letter, when nobody see'd us."

"And what did he look like? Describe him."

"He was a good lookin' young feller, only considerable chawed up. Guess he'd been in a fight. He looked mighty bad."

"And where did you see him, and when?"

"About a mile furdur up the creek, last night."

"And shall you see him again? Were you to take an answer to him?"

"He didn't say nothin' about no answer, only I was to g'n' you the letter, unbeknownst to anybody."

"Wait a moment, until I read it."

It was written in lead-pencil, and read:

"Florence, meet me to-night at twelve where I last saw you."

With a wild pulsing of the heart, Florence drew forth her purse and tendered some money to the bearer of the missive which she held in her hand. He took it with an awkward bow of acknowledgment and a "Thank-ee, ma'am!" and shuffled off down the road.

Then Florence turned her horse's head homeward and rode like the wind; but his swiftest dash could not keep pace with her impatience.

Locked in her room, she read the note again and again, pressing it to her lips and heart.

"Oh, my darling!" she whispered, "why does he not fly? Why does he linger where accident may at any moment betray him into the hands of his enemies?"

It seemed as if the sun would never set; and when at last it sunk below the horizon, she set herself to watch the slow-moving hands of the clock. Sitting in her darkened room, she listened to the noises in the house. Would they never cease? Would the servants never go to bed?

One by one the lights went out, and gradually the house sunk to repose. Then a feeling of awful desolation crept over her. A thousand fears racked her bosom, as she counted the seconds until eleven o'clock.

Then she rose, and stole noiselessly down the stairs and into the yard. She had no difficulty in saddling a palfrey which usually served her. She did not need Duke for her present errand.

With trembling lest her horse should neigh so as to awaken the hostler, she led him from the stable and out of the gate. Then she mounted, and rode away, at first at a walk, but when beyond earshot from the house, at an ever-quickening gallop.

Eight miles from home she came to a point where the road descended into a dark glade, hedged about by the trees that interlaced their boughs above the way. Here she dismounted and tied her horse just off the road. Then, with trembling limbs and quick-beating heart, she ran down a bridle-path at right angles.

Half a dozen rods from the road she paused in expectancy. Then she descried a form that took a step toward her in the shadows.

With a glad cry she sprang forward, and threw herself into his arms.

"Fred! oh, Fred! how glad I—"

She felt his arms close about her; she felt his breath on her cheek; then, with a wild scream, she struggled violently to free herself, and, failing, fainted dead away.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 271.)

Trout Fishing.

Hints to Young Anglers.—The Rod.—The Line.—The Reel.—Method of Throwing the Line.—How to Hook a Fish.—How to Play, and Land them.—Dress.—General Instructions.

No one can become an expert in the scientific and fascinating amusement of fly-fishing, without careful study and long practice. But any one with care and attention may soon acquire sufficient skill to enable them to have fine sport during the summer vacation.

To those who have but limited experience, who contemplate going to, or are now in the country, the following hints about tackle, fishing, etc., will be useful.

Without a good, well-balanced rod, of suitable length and weight, no matter how excellent the other parts of the fisherman's tackle may be, he will labor under an almost irreparable drawback.

Rod-making has been brought to a great degree of excellence in this country, and those manufactured here are equal, if not superior, to any that are made abroad. There is an almost endless variety offered for sale, at prices ranging from fifty or seventy-five cents to seventy-five, one hundred, and even a hundred and fifty dollars, for the finest of silver-mounted, split-bamboo and other choice kinds.

A serviceable, well-finished rod can be bought, with reel and line complete, for a few dollars.

No rod to fish for trout need weigh more than sixteen ounces, or be more than fourteen feet long; one of twelve will be found more convenient in fishing in most streams. The butt-end should be of ash of the finest and longest grain, highly-seasoned, cut from the inside of an old, straight and ungnarled tree, and should form the first joint without a splice in it.

It should taper gently, and by no means suddenly, from about nine inches from the thick end, to where it joins, by means of a ferrule, the second joint. The second and third joints should be of hickory, of close grain; and the top or fourth joint of bamboo or lancewood to the extreme end, and should never be tipped with whalebone.

Reels are more ingenious than useful. The ordinary stop-reel, without a multiplying one, will, if the works are properly finished, answer the most fastidious fisher's purpose. A young sportsman ought always to use a reel of the simplest construction; it should fasten on by means of a slide and ring, and not by a screw; the slide will point on what part of the rod it should be fixed.

Thirty yards of reel-line are sufficient; it should be composed of nearly an equal quantity of silk and hair, twisted tightly together.

A line composed wholly of silk is too soft, or rather bibulous, and soon takes in such a deal of moisture that it cannot be flung lightly on the water; and if it be entirely of hair, it is, from the outset, too heavy, and is very difficult to wind up quickly, as some of the hairs soon give, and are liable to catch in the rings of the rod. The colors of the line should be that of brownish sand.

Throwing a line is one of the greatest difficulties a fly-fisher has to surmount. You have seen a coachman try to fly a fly off one of his leader's ears. The motion he makes is one you must imitate, but you must do it more slowly, and with a longer sweep of the arm; in fact, your line is sent back its whole length behind you. Commence by using only four or five yards of line, and when you can

throw that easily and accurately to a given spot, lengthen your line by degrees, until you can fling from twelve to thirteen yards of it.

At first practice with the wind at your back, afterward try and throw against it; and when you find that you can accomplish this last difficult operation, you may add to your reel-line the silk-worm gut-foot, or casting line. This latter line should be about three yards long, and have a link of three or four horse-hairs twisted together between it and the reel-line.

Practice with the casting line until you can throw it, in any direction you please, without danger of cracking it; and the way to avoid this danger is to return the line with a gentle jerk of the wrist—a too sudden one will very frequently snap the gut. You may now loop on your flies, and commence fishing in earnest.

Use but three lines on your foot line at the same time, and let them be about two feet apart, rather less than more.

Until you can make the flies fall upon the water, without causing anything like a heavy splash, you may despair of killing any large fish, and I advise you to fish at first in rapid streams, where the fall of your flies and lines will be scarcely perceptible.

And now mind two things: 1st. Always fish as far from the bank as you can, for fish are shy and sharp-sighted, and if they catch a glimpse of you they will not show a fin, however tempting your lure may be. 2d. Avoid having the sun at your back.

Let your dress be green, olive or brown; never wear light-colored clothes.

Do not strike instantaneously, the moment you feel a fish rise to you; wait a little, till you feel him *certainly*, and then strike gently and obliquely.

There can be no worse advice than that which counsels killing the fish by main force, without giving any play. Playing a fish is one of the most important and delicate branches of the art of fly-fishing. The method depends, in a great measure, on locality. If you think it probable that by giving him line, or not winding up, he will take your flies among weeds or piles, or under the roots of trees, you must stop him by speedily shortening line, and presenting to him the butt-end of your rod. For instance, I was fishing one day in a rapid, but very clear stream, and I saw a large trout dart from beneath the trunk of a tree that had been cast into the water; and I knew the moment he took my fly, and felt hooked, he would plunge like an arrow to get back to his lair. My conjecture was right, but I was on the alert, and, though my tackle was very fine, I did not give him an inch of line; but, holding my rod perpendicularly, I prevented his intention, and after a few struggles he consented to be carried down-stream and killed.

When a fish, on being hooked, jumps out of the water, or struggles on the surface of it, you must be very cautious to offer no resistance, for it is a sign he is but slightly hooked; and most probably, in the palate. Lower the point of your rod to make him sink, and try to get him into smooth water, where, by gentle maneuvering, you may bring him within reach of your landing-net. On the contrary, when a fish, on being hooked, makes two or three turns, and then darts for the bottom of the water, you may be sure that the hook is fast, and therefore you need use no ceremony with him.

Never fish without a landing-net, and let it be full eighteen inches in diameter at the opening. Be very cautious, however, in your manner of using it, for fish seem to have an instinctive dread of it, and the sight of it is sure to excite a few life-and-death struggles in them, by which they are very likely to bid you "good-by." Always sink your landing-net a yard or more behind the fish, and bring it gradually under him.

No use of any longer taking the large, repulsive, gripping, drastic and nauseous pills, composed of crude and bulky ingredients, and put up in cheap wood or pasteboard boxes, when we can, by a careful application of chemical science, extract all the cathartic and other medicinal properties from the most valuable roots and herbs, and concentrate them into a minute Granule, scarcely larger than a mustard seed, that can be readily swallowed by those of the most sensitive stomachs and fastidious tastes. Each of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets represents, in a most concentrated form, as much cathartic power as is embodied in any of the large pills found for sale in the drug stores. Their size, people who have not tried them are apt to suppose that they are harsh or drastic in effect, but such is not at all the case, the different active ingredients, on principles of which they are composed being so harmonized, one by the others, as to produce a most searching and thorough, yet gently and kindly operating cathartic. The Pellets are sold by dealers in medicines.

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HER HAND.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I.
They sat within the parlor's light,
A silence fell on each
That wove a mystic, wondrous spell
Too infinite for speech.
Her eye was downcast, meek and mild,
Her face was maiden sweet;
At last he broke the stillness there,
And knelt beside her feet.

II.
He cried, "Gems gathered from their shrine
Down in the secret sea,
Rich ores from the dark mountain mine,
I give not these to thee;
I offer thee a trusting love,
Whose brightness shines more grand,
And ask thee in return, fair girl,
To give to me thy hand."

III.
A brightness lit the maiden's face,
And kindled in her eyes,
And softly sighing she arose;
"I bid thee to arise,
And take, oh, take my hand," she cried,
And led him to the door,
And out of there that young man went,
And asked her hand no more.

LEAVES

From an Actor's Life;

OR,
Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

VI.—Wood, the Utility Man, excites the wrath of the Great American Tragedian—A Peculiarity of Irish Actors—Mulligan's Blunders—Forrest's Moodiness—Macbeth and Seton—Eberle, the Comedian—Badenough—A Strong Situation—The Comedian re-enters himself on the Star.

THERE was a man who called himself Wood, attached to the Tremont Theater company as "Utility Man"—his vocation being to represent the subordinate parts in the plays, such as servants, countrymen, 1st robbers, and the like. I say he called himself Wood, but his right name was Mulligan. He thought, probably, that Wood would look better printed on the bills than Mulligan.

And here I cannot refrain from remarking that the majority of actors upon the American Stage of Irish birth or extraction, adopt a professional name that has no Irish sound to it. What the cause of this may be, I am at a loss to determine, but it has always appeared to me that they were either ashamed of their true names or of the profession they had adopted. Nor is this practice confined to the Irish actors alone—though it prevails among them to a greater extent than any other nationality; English and American actors do the same; but, where an Irish O'Brien, Flaherty, Connolly, Cooke or Mulcahy, will assume such plain names as Bryant, Raymond, Williams and Clarke, nothing less than De Vere, De Lacy, Montgomery and Heartwell contents the others.

The actresses are very prone to this change of name, and many a Bridget McGowan, Lizzy Toohy, and Mary O'Fadden has appeared under the name of Edith De Vernon, Ida Grey and Marian Trelawney.

Anything for a "romantic name" on the play-bills!

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!" says Shakespeare. Perhaps it would. But, call it skunk-cabbage, and see how many people would smell of it.

There were many exceptions to this practice, of course. There was "Irish Johnstone" in the old country, Macklin, who wrote the "Man of the World," and others whose names I cannot now recall; and there have been Johnstones and Johnsons, Murphys and Costellos, in this country; and Michael Lannagan, whom I often met during my theatrical career—a first old man, as it is called in dramatic parlance; that is to say, a representative of such characters as Sir Peter Teazle, Anthony Absolute, and the like. He was never ashamed of the country that gave him birth, and the father who gave him a name.

Mulligan had adopted the profession from pure love, and with that high ambition surging in his breast, which has filled the breasts of so many histrionic aspirants. He was determined to achieve greatness. He was not particular what salary, or remuneration, he received, so long as he was permitted to act, although the characters intrusted to him were not of any importance.

As he had wealthy parents, who were willing that he should pursue the bent of his desires, being, probably, impressed by his sanguine hopes of future eminence upon the stage, he could afford to act cheap; and as managers were as speculative then as they are now, he contrived to get a situation and keep it, while practiced actors, who demanded better wages, were refused engagements.

This Wood was a terrible infliction to the stars, for he generally bungled what little he had to do, and this led to a play upon his right name by Charles Muzzy, for his true name was no mystery in the theater.

"What's the matter with Wood to-night?" inquired one of the actors, after one of his usual blunders.

"Oh! he's made a Mull again," replied Muzzy.

After this Wood was generally addressed as "Mull." As I have said, he was a great annoyance to Forrest, who could scarcely tolerate him in any of his plays, and whenever he saw him come upon the stage at rehearsal, would "growl like a bear with a sore head." Forrest was an inveterate growler. With all his success in life, he was an unhappy man. There was too much vinegar in his disposition. He could not brook a rival. He wished to be the great I Am, and his jealousy of Macready led to the celebrated Astor Place riot, in New York. He always disclaimed any share in this; but his partisans knew his feelings toward Macready, and that was a sufficient inducement for them to take up the cudgels in his behalf.

This riot does not come within my province now, as it happened years afterward. I may have occasion to refer to it, however, in some future paper.

Wood Mulligan, knowing Forrest's dislike of him, always spoke of the great tragedian in the most disparaging terms, and pretended that he did not think he could act.

"Where would he be without his figure?" he would say. "He's all brawn without any brains! Ah! if I only had his figure with my talent, I'd show him how to act!"

One night, when the act-drop descended on the fourth act of Macbeth, Forrest was furious. Wood was the Seton—a character that has a number of important messages to deliver. Wood had bungled, as usual. Forrest raved about the stage, like an enraged lion, seeking for Wood, and I have no doubt he would have "devoured" him if he could have found him. But Wood had disappeared with

surprising celerity, and nobody could tell what had become of him.

After fuming for a short time and finding that the object of his wrath was not forthcoming, Forrest retired to his dressing-room. The moment he left the stage Wood sneaked out from between two scenes at the back of the stage, where he had hidden himself.

"Holloa, Wood! Forrest wants to see you," said Eberle, one of the comedians of the theater.

Wood put on a swaggering tone as he answered:

"I heard him, the big brute!—but I didn't want any fuss with him. He's only mad because the people won't come to see him play Macbeth. But I'll fix him yet."

Eberle laughed, replying: "Wait until his last night, and then we'll get square on him."

They did; but it was Eberle's doing. I remember him as a small-sized man, with a sharp face, and twinkling, roguish eyes. He was what is called a dry joker. He was constantly making fun for his brother professionals.

He was cast for a character called Badenough in Metamora, which did not come properly within his line, as it was not a comedy part, but he was put in to "strengthen the cast"—and he did not like it; nor did Forrest.

"Does he play Badenough?" inquired the great tragedian, as he saw him appear to rehearse that character. "Bad enough he'll play it," he added, with a grim facetiousness.

Forrest's jokes were as ponderous as himself. Eberle heard the remark and smiled, and nudged Wood, who stood beside him. "Just you wait!" he whispered; and Wood expressed a willingness to do so.

Eberle and Wood represented two emissaries who had come from England to the New World in search of one of the regicide judges of Charles I., who had taken refuge in New England.

In one of their rambles in the forest—their business in the play is to prove about generally—they encounter Nameekee, the wife of Metamora, and, following the plan which seems to have been adopted by the English toward the Indians, in those days, they immediately begin to maltreat her. Summoned by her cries, Metamora rushes on to her assistance. The two soldiers recoil, and Metamora, pointing his rifle at them, demands: "Which of you has lived too long?"



Pedro Valencio, bounding forward, caught the arm of his friend from behind and threw up the weapon.

This is one of the strongest situations in the play, and here it was that Eberle took his revenge; for when Forrest threw himself into the accustomed attitude, and put the question: "Which of you has lived too long?" with well-affected trepidation Eberle dodged behind Wood, thrust him forward, and answered: "This fellow!" The audience roared, and even Forrest's gravity was not proof against this sudden step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and a grim smile relaxed his features; but Eberle was careful to keep out of his way for the rest of the night.

The Price of a Blow.

BY C. D. CLARK.

MONTEREY, in the short rule of that unfortunate, but brave man, Maximilian. The clangor of trumpets, the tramp of steeds, and the rattle of steel, announced the coming of armed horsemen. What this force was, it did not take long to tell, for the peculiar helmets and pennons of the lancers could be seen advancing down the narrow street, moving toward the plaza. Fronting upon this was one of the main hotels of the city, and a number of persons stood and sat upon the veranda, watching for the coming of the lancers, an advance troop of the army of Maximilian.

"You may say what you will, Pedro," said a handsome, stoutly built young man, with a heavy mustache, who was seated close to the pavement. "I will not bow the knee unto Baal, at the bidding of Gonsalvo Reja, though he holds high rank under the usurper. The scoundrel was my vacquero once."

"Beware what you say!" replied the man he called Pedro. "You ought to know Gonsalvo Reja, and that he would not hesitate to have you shot upon the instant, if you did not show yourself in concord with him and his friends. See, see; here are the lancers. Remove your hat and salute General Reja, as the rest are doing."

"Ramon del Vargas has come of too good blood to doff his hat to his old vacquero," replied the young man. "Bow to him if you will, Pedro; I never shall. Let him bow to his old master."

He moved carelessly forward, with his sombrero still planted firmly on his head, until he reached the very edge of the veranda. The first file of the lancers was now in sight, and the obsequious people were tossing their hats in the air, and shouting themselves hoarse, as they would have done if the men of Juarez had come, instead of the Imperial lancers. The general, riding at the head of his men, a cold smile upon his bearded face, saw that all bowed down to him save one, and that one the up-

right figure upon the veranda. A curse sprung to his lips, and forcing his horse suddenly through the crowd, which gave way at his approach, he dashed up to the veranda, with his bare blade in his hand.

"Rebellious dog!" he cried. "Is this the respect you show to a general of the Imperial army? I will tame your pride before I leave you."

The bright blade whistled through the air, and the sombrero was swept from the head of Ramon del Vargas. With a cry of rage, the young man bounded back, and thrust his hand into his pistol pocket. When he drew it out, a long-barreled revolver was in his hand, leveled full at the bosom of the general. A second more, and Gonsalvo Reja had seen his last of earth; but Pedro Valencio, bounding forward, caught the arm of his friend from behind, and threw up the weapon.

"I know you, del Vargas," cried the general, with a savage look. "I charge you all, by your fealty to the Emperor, to seize that young traitor and bring him to my quarters. He is a spy of the insurgent Juarez, and as such, must meet the fate of a traitor."

The Mexican mob is at all times ready to strike at a fallen foe. A dozen men flung themselves at once upon the gallant young man, but Pedro Valencio, seeing their purpose, released him at once.

"By the saints, general, I am sorry that I saved your life. Fly, Ramon! Into the hotel with you, and I will keep this door."

Ramon saw that all was lost, and with a defiant cry, he drove his enemies right and left, and sprung through the open doorway.

"To me, my lancers!" cried Reja. "Now then, Pedro Valencio, stand aside and let me pursue him, or by Heaven, you take his place."

"I can at least die for my dear friend," replied Valencio. "He is no traitor, for if he has not taken up arms for the empire, at least he has not fought against it."

"The young man is overbold, I think," said a venerable looking man, who had bowed very low to the general. "Death to all who will not bow down to the men who follow Maximilian, say I; even if they have been muleteers or vacqueros."

"Demonios!" hissed Reja. "What do you mean, dotard?"

By this time a number of the lancers had arrived upon the scene, and leveling their lan-

I am ready to do anything to save the life of Ramon del Vargas."

"I believe you; bend your head, and I will tell you who I am."

He whispered a name in the ear of the young Mexican, who started back in surprise. "You here, in the midst of the enemy! You are a gallant man, and I will follow you to the death."

They left the hotel at once, and walked rapidly down the street. Every now and then, as they met a man, the gray-haired gentleman made a sign which the men seemed to understand, for they at once changed their course, each one going in the same direction.

"You see that these men obey me; I am not quite alone in Monterey. Come with me, and I will tell you my plan."

They turned down a side street, taking the same direction followed by those who had obeyed the sign of the graybeard. What his plans might be, time alone could develop.

Ramon del Vargas lay in prison, under a strong military guard. They had gone through the farce of a trial, but the court had their orders in advance, and the sentence was—death. At early morning the muffled drums beat, and a hundred lancers, with a file of riflemen, marched out upon the river road. In the fatal cart rode Ramon, his face cold and haughty, and a smile upon his face. He knew that death was before him, but he was a patriot, and was ready to die for Mexico. A crowd of citizens would have followed, but were sternly ordered to return by Reja.

"The man must die," he declared, "but I will not make a public show of the execution."

"I thank you for so much, Gonsalvo Reja," said the doomed man. "Yet perhaps it would have been better for the cause if they had seen me die."

"It is not from love of you that I forbid them, traitor," replied Reja.

"I might have known it. But do not dare to brand me with the name of traitor—I, who am dying for Mexico. You know, none so well as you, that if I had accepted the offers of the usurper, I might bear the same rank you now hold. But I would not sell my country for French and Austrian gold."

"Silence; if you speak again, I will have you gagged."

A look of scorn passed over the handsome face of the young Mexican, and he rode on in the midst of his enemies. The muffled drums still beat, and he saw before him, in the cart, the coffin which was to inclose his mangled form. A mile from the city the troops halted, and formed in a three-sided square, at the open end of which the coffin was set down, and the prisoner led to his place.

"Friends!" he cried. "Before I die, I claim the right to speak. I am a Mexican, born and bred upon this soil, and my only crime is that I have refused to take up arms under the so-called Emperor Maximilian. I have not fought against him, but have refused to acknowledge him as my ruler."

"Enough of this!" cried Reja. "Let the firing-party advance. Corporal, bind a handkerchief over his eyes, and bid him kneel."

"I kneel only to God!" replied the brave young patriot. "Let me face my death with open eyes, and you shall not see me blench."

Between the river and the place where they stood ran a growth of chaparral, half a mile in length, and reaching from thence nearly to the river. The prisoner was placed about fifty yards from this thicket, and stood up boldly, while the firing-party advanced, and brought their pieces to a level. Suddenly, without warning, there burst from the thicket a terrible discharge of musketry, and then came a wild charging cheer, and two hundred mounted men, armed to the teeth, burst out of the chaparral, and charged the astonished lancers. Borne back by the sudden rush, the prisoner was for the moment left alone; and, while the Imperialists were yet in confusion, his friends reached his side, he was helped to a horse, and a saber put into his hand.

"Down with them!" shouted the leader of the rescue-party, the gray-haired Mexican who had leagued with Pedro Valencio. "No quarter to the minions of the Austrian!"

In that wild melee Reja and del Vargas met and their blades hissed together.

The general made a fierce cut at the head of his enemy. Del Vargas put it aside, and buried his blade to the guard in the bosom of his enemy. Reja dropped his sword, stared wildly in the face of his enemy, and dropped dead from his saddle, just as the Imperialists turned in flight. And the gray-haired chief, removing his bushy white beard, revealed the face of Colonel Mera, one of the bravest of the captains who fought for the salvation of Mexico, under Benito Juarez.

"I was in the city for another purpose," he said, as he clasped hands with Ramon del Vargas. "But to save you, I let my other plans go; and, thank the saints, I have succeeded. Do you ride with me!"

"Henceforth I devote my life to Mexico. What say you, Pedro Valencio?"

"I am with you; and we will not rest until

all the invaders have left our soil, or are even as Gonsalvo Reja."

When the war was over, Maximilian slept in a bloody grave, and these young men came back full of honors, one as a colonel and the other a major. They had kept their oaths.

The String of Pearls.

THE recognition by the imperial family of Austria of the marriage of Duke Louis, of Bavaria, with the beautiful Mademoiselle Mendel, the actress, of Augsburg, gave a new aim to the theatrical ambition of the ladies of the Paris boards. The visit made by the Empress Elizabeth to the beautiful castle of Lake Stahnberg, where the newly-married couple resided, became the talk of every green-room in Europe. It was reported in the *coulisses* of the theaters that her Austrian majesty was the great promoter of the marriage, the story connected with her brother's courtship being romantic enough to excite the strongest interest in her kind and womanly heart, and making it forgetful of all distinction of rank, where an equal share of love and delicacy had been displayed by both the lovers.

Mademoiselle Mendel, who had preserved her reputation unsullied amid all the perils and temptations of theatrical life, was considered the most lovely woman in Germany, and in her private circle, as well as in her public life, was the admiration of all who had the pleasure of knowing her. Her beauty is of the true German type, of the peculiar fairness beheld in no other country—golden hair in soft silky masses, without the smallest tinge of auburn—pure gold, unburnished; a complexion delicate as the inner petals of the rose—pale-pink, scarcely ever seen in nature, and almost impossible to produce by artificial means; lips of deep carnation; teeth small and exquisitely white, and eyebrows of the darkest brown, with eyes of the deepest blue.

All this made such an impression on the heart of Duke Louis, that, from the moment he first beheld her at the Munich theater, he vowed himself to the worship of this ideal idol. But Mademoiselle Mendel was valiant in defense of her reputation, and, aware of the responsibility incurred by great talent, resisted every overture of marriage on the part of the duke, well knowing, as she did, that it was entirely out of his power to contract any alliance of the kind, as much was expected of him by his family.

At that time, Mademoiselle Mendel was in the habit of wearing a velvet collar with a clasp, ornamented by a single pearl of great value, which had been presented to her by the king of Saxony; and, in order to quell all hope of success in the bosom of her royal admirer, she declared to him one day that she had made a vow to bestow her heart and hand on him alone who could match this single pearl with as many others as would form the whole necklace. The declaration was made laughingly, for the fair creature knew well enough that the duke, living fully up to the whole of his income, which was but mediocre for his rank, could never accomplish this herculean task; and she laughed more merrily still when she beheld the expression of his countenance at the announcement she had made. But soon afterward she heard that the duke had sold his horses and broken up his establishment, and had gone to live in the strictest retirement in quite a small cottage belonging to his brother's park.

That very night, when about to place the velvet band upon her neck, she found to her great surprise that a second pearl had been added to the clasp. She knew well enough whence it came, and smiled sadly at the loss of labor she felt sure that Duke Louis was incurring for love's sake. By degrees the velvet band became covered with pearls, all of them as fine as the one bestowed by the King of Saxony; until one evening great was the rumor in Augsburg. The fair Mendel had been robbed; while on the stage, divested of all ornament in the prison scene, as Bettina von Armstedt, her dressing-room had been entered, and the velvet band, with its row of priceless pearls, had disappeared from the toilet-table. The event was so terrible, and her nerves were so shaken, that in spite of the assurance of the chief police magistrate, who happened to be in the theater at the moment, that he was sure to find the thief in a very short time, for he had the clue already, poor Mademoiselle Mendel was so overcome by grief that her memory failed her entirely, so that returning to the stage not a word could she remember of her part.

The audience waited some time in astonishment at the silence maintained by the favorite actress; the actress gazed at the audience in piteous embarrassment, until, by a sudden inspiration, and almost mechanically, indeed, she remembered that she had the rehearsal copy of the play in the pocket of the apron of her costume. She drew it forth without hesitation, and began to read from it with the greatest self-possession imaginable. At first the audience knew not whether to laugh or be angry; but presently memory, pathos, forgetfulness of all but her art, returned to her, and, in the utterance of one of the most impassioned sentiments of her speech, she flung the rehearsal copy into the orchestra, and went on with her part without pause or hesitation, until the conclusion of the piece, the prompter's aid even not being once required.

The applause was so tremendous on her recovering her memory, that the great monster chandelier in the center of the roof swung to and fro with vibration. But on her return to her dressing-room the excitement proved too much, and she fainted away. On coming back to consciousness, it was to find Duke Louis at her feet, and the chief officer of police standing at her side, bidding her to take courage, for the precious pearls had been found.

"Where are they?" she exclaimed. "Are you sure that none are missing? Have none been stolen?"

Duke Louis then clasped around her neck the string of pearls, complete at last, no longer sewn on the velvet band, but strung with symmetry and fastened with a diamond clasp. What more could be done by the devoted lover? He smiled and neither pains nor sacrifices to attain his end, and Mademoiselle Mendel consented to become his wife. The Empress of Austria appears to have been so much moved by the story that she suggested the nomination of the bride-elect to the title of Baroness de Wallersee, which thus equalized the rank of the lovers, and enabled them to marry without any difficulty. They live the most happy and retired life possible in their pretty little chateau on Lake Stahnberg, where the Empress of Austria lately visited them.

They say the Duchess Louise of Bavaria never puts off, night or day, the necklace of pearls, the clasp of which she had riveted the morning after its presentation by the duke, and that in consequence of this peculiarity she is known all through the country round by the name of the Fairy Perlina, from the old German tale of the Magic Pearl.